THE *Wooden World* DISSECTED, IN THE Characters OF

I. A Ship of War.
II. A Sea-Captain.
III. A Sea-Lieutenant.
IV. A Sea-Chaplain.
V. The Master of a Ship of War.
VI. The Purser.
VII. The Surgeon.
VIII. The Gunner.
IX. The Carpenter.
X. The Boatswain.
XI. A Sea-Cook.
XII. A Midship-Man.
XIII. The Captain's Steward.
XIV. A Sailor, *&c.*

By a Lover of the Mathematicks.

The SECOND EDITION, Corrected and Amended by the Author.

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

Advertiſement.

N. B. *THE Bill lately brought into the Houſe of Commons, for ſecuring Property in Printed Books, not having paſs'd, has encourag'd the Pyrates to proceed in their wicked Practices, of making a Profit at the Expence of other Men; the Reader is deſir'd to take Notice, That if this Book, call'd,* The Wooden World diſſected, &c. *ſhould appear without an Advertiſement in this Character, it is done Clandeſtinely, and in Prejudice of the Proprietors.*

Juſt publiſh'd,

¶ Mars ſtript of his Armour; or, The Army diſplay'd in all its true Colours. Containing the Characters of an Army in general, a Regiment or Battalion, a Captain-General, a Lieutenant-General, a Major-General, a Brigadier-General, a Colonel, a Lieut. Colonel, a Major, a Capt. of the Guards, an Aid de Camp, a Partizan, a Spy, a Captain, a Lieutenant, an Enſign, an Adjutant, a Quarter-Maſter, the Chaplain of a Regiment, the Surgeon, a Serjeant, a Grenadier, a private Centinel, a Provoſt, &c. By the ſame Author. Sold by B. Bragge in Pater-Noſter-Row, J. Woodward in St. Chriſtopher's Church-yard, near the Royal Exchange, and A. Betteſworth at the Red Lyon on London-bridge. Price bound 1 s.

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THE

TO THE READER.

FInding, some few Days past, the Warmth and Serenity of the Air begin to change a-pace, and wet, thick, cloudy Weather popt in at once upon us, I began to cast about, which Way I had best provide against so threatning, dull a Season.

After a few pensive, wavering Thoughts, at length I fix'd on that of Painting, which is by all allow'd to be no less ingenious,

than diverting; but for it, many a Gentleman would have abundance of idle Hours, and dirty Days, lie heavy on his Hands, which, by this harmless Amuzement, are neither felt, nor thought on.

As for the following Piece, it was the first that offer'd to my Fancy, and appear'd to me altogether new, though the Materials are very common and ordinary; yet not so ordinary, but that they can fully answer the End propos'd, which is, to draw the Picture of the most glorious Piece of the Creation, call'd, A Tar, which no Colours can perform so well to the Life, as Black and White; for these, justly

uſtly diſpos'd, produce Figures much more agreeable and diverting, than all the other Colours of the Rainbow.

It's eaſy to perceive, that there is no one Particular here deſign'd; and Generals do always admit of Exceptions. We have ſome Captains in the Navy, as much the Glory of our Iſle, as are the Ships they command; I need not trumpet forth their Names, for they give ſuch daily Proofs of their Courage, Affability, Generoſity, Juſtice, and Probity, as make them ſufficiently known to all good Men, and raiſeth them above the Cenſure of the Malicious.

To the Reader.

But these Exceptions being not many, no more does prejudice the Justness of these ensuing Descriptions, than Balaam *and* Lucian's *Asses do the stated Definition of that remarkable Creature,* That it's an Animal superlative, grave, and thoughtful, but was never once heard to speak three Words of Sense or Reason.

As for the Performance it self, it is but an Essay, nay; only the first rude Strokes of a Novice; and fam'd Kneller, *no doubt, when first he touch'd the Pencil, brought forth such imperfect Productions, as requir'd the Hand of a Pen-man below, to make his Design legible.*

But

To the Reader.

But the rough Draught of a Novice, is the Devil, you'll say! I own it: I perceive full well, that none of the Characters, but what are a great deal short of their full Height, that a Multitude of lively Strokes are wanting in each; and even those that are hit, have nothing of that Smoothness and Embellishment which the Dignity of the Personages does merit.

But the plain Truth is, being, by an unexpected Turn, commanded over the Hills, and far away, *and all Mankind knowing*, that Wind and Tide will stay for no Body, *I am, by all this, so stinted, that there has been but very little more Time*

allotted to the compoſing, than many would ask to the bare tranſcribing of the Work.

Permit it therefore, as it is, to hang in View at the Horſe-Guards, Muſe-Gate, Bread-Street Corner, *or ſome ſuch eminent Place of Sale, 'till more Leiſure, or a better Hand, amend it.*

Portſmouth, Nov.
the 24th, 1706.

To

To all whom it may concern, Greeting.

Worſhipful and no Worſhipful Gentlemen,

YOU all know, that ſcarce can a Royal Ship be ſooner built and launch'd from the Stocks, but ſtreight we have ten thouſand Pictures of her, drawn and diſpers'd around the Iſland by ſome or other topping Dawber of Sign-Poſts.

But never yet, I think, has one bold Hand attempted to delineate thoſe more noble, internal Parts, that give this ſtupendious Wooden Animal all its various Motions; a Taſk much more elevated, difficult, and profitable, than the other. —

Now I, Gentlemen, being bound by I don't know how many Tyes, have offer'd at this moſt glorious Enterprize, not out of any by-Ends

of gaining your Worſhips good Word, when an Occaſion offers, but purely to advance, and blow about your Fame, and your moſt remarkable Excellencies.

I never durſt flatter my ſelf with the beſotted Hopes of drawing you correctly; all I did, or could propoſe, was, by this rough Draught of my untutor'd Pencil, to excite ſome renown'd Worthy to do you Juſtice, and draw you all perfect as you are; which will certainly give infinite Satisfaction to your zealous Servant, that wiſhes you, Gentlemen, with all his Soul, as perfectly known to our illuſtrious Heroine, and the whole Nation, as you are to him, who is,

Gentlemen,

Your real Friend,

And faithful Servant,

Manly Plaindealer.

The

The Character of a Ship *of* War.

IT's a Wooden World, fabricated by the frail Hand of Man, and yet is of a more firm Contexture, than the great One, if we may believe old Sages, who tell us, that this would drop to Pieces, if but one Atom only was wanting; whereas our Wood-Creation holds firm together, when batter'd worse than a Bawdy-house.

It's *Noah*'s Ark improv'd to the best Advantage, with all the tame Beasts garbl'd out, that hate the Smell of Gun-powder.

It's a floating Castle, or airy Fortress rather, being govern'd by the Motions of the Wind, and flies so far, that no Bird in Nature, but a Woodcock, can hold way with it.

It's the most admirable swimming Contrivance, that ever mortal Thought brought forth, for the Ruin of all that long for it; is far surpassing both in Design and Success, the Bawdy-house on the *Thames*, as *St. Paul*'s Church doth Dr. *Burges* his Conventicle.

It's the great Bridge of the Ocean, conveying over to all habitable Places, Death, Pox, and

and Drunkenneſs; and brings back, in Return, all the foreign Vices that we are Strangers to in our own Country.

It's the great Wooden Horſe of Nature, for the Accommodation of all ſuch as want to ride in Poſt-haſte from one World to the other.

It's the Sovereign of the Aquatick Globe, giving deſpotick Laws to all the meaner Fry, that live upon that ſhining Empire.

It's the *New-Bridewell* of the Nation, where all the incorrigible Viages are ſent, to wear out Ropes, and make more Work for the Hempen Whores in *London*.

It's the Chriſtian Sanctuary for *non ſolvent* Debtors, and unfortunate Whore-Maſters, who are no leſs ſecur'd here, than Miſcreants of old, at the Horns of the Altar.

It's *Old Nick*'s Academy, where the ſeven liberal Sciences of Swearing, Drinking, Thieving, Whoring, Killing, Couzening, and Backbiting, are taught to full Perfection.

It's the mighty Guardian of our Iſland, defending us all around from foreign Dangers, as watchfully as a Maſtiff does an Orchard.

It's the grand Patron of all Mechanick Traders, by ſinking and deſtroying one half of their Manufactures, to bring the other half to a good Market.

It's the grand Benefactor to Shipping and Sailors, by eaſing them of part of their Cargo, that they may the better run from

Danger,

Danger, and taking Care of their Men when the toilſome Voyage is over.

It's the illuſtrious Emblem of vain Man, who fancies himſelf immortal in his Children, becauſe they are call'd by his Name; when God knows, they have ſcarce one Inch of Timber of the Fabrick they are Chriſten'd by, the new Sovereign being no more the old One, than a Cabbage is a Horſe, becauſe ſprung from Horſe-dung.

In fine, it's *Belzebub*'s grand Arſenal, where you meet ſo much Tumult, Thunder, Fire, and Smoak ſometimes, that *Old Nick* himſelf cannot know which way to turn himſelf.

Here lies all the Infernal Engines that caſt forth *Lucifer*'s Thunder-bolts, rang'd in Rows, like the Surgeon's Gally-pots; and hard it is to tell which of either doth moſt Execution; what the firſt miſſeth, the other makes ſure of, and both together ſend more poor Souls to the Devil, than the very Devils themſelves do. Hence we may infer too, that it's old *Charon*'s Plague, ſending him more at once, than he can turn his Hands to, and puts him upon the modern Invention, of rafting the poor Souls aſtern, like Water-Cask.

Some compare her to a Common-wealth, and carry the Allegory from the Vane, down to the Keelſon, and from his Worſhip, the Captain, as low as the very Swabber. But that Sage hit it beſt undoubtedly, who compar'd a Ship to a Woman.

Not

Not for that both are of the Female Gender; not for that she's very apt to be leaky; nor for that her Pump-dale smells strongest when she has the soundest Bottom; but chiefly because her Rigging, and Fitting forth, is always worth double her Carcass.

She's commonly in her Dishabile, 'till the Time she appears at *Spithead*, and there she looks more charming than a painted Whore in a Side-Box.

To this grand Rendezvous of Wooden-Beauties, come oft-times fat Country Esquires, led by the same Curiosity that draws them to the *Tower* in Term-time, to see her Majesty's wild Beasts.

Nor do Ladies disdain to pay Visits hither, when *Epsom* and the *Bath* are out of Season, for Variety's the Happiness of Life; and oft have they found by Experience, that the heaving and setting in a Man of War, is much more efficacious allow, than Spaw-water.

To give one general Definition of the Inhabitants of this Wooden-Wonder, is difficult, because they belong to various Regions, there being as many graduated Mansions in her, as is betwixt us and the Imperial Heaven; they can't be all Flesh, that's certain, because many of them live under Water; and yet, tho' they both eat and sleep there, they have no more Gills than an Oyster.

They

They are a ſtrange Generation of Mortals, that's certain, for they feed and ſleep in their Shell, like Worms in a Nut; and the more they eat, ſtill the more they enlarge their Quarters.

They are ten times more populous than a *Dutch* Common-wealth, and have a thouſand times leſs of their own Growth to live upon; and yet the States-General, God bleſs 'em, ſcoff not much better than they do.

In fine, they are the Chaff of the World, being toſs'd here and there by every Blaſt that bloweth. When they walk, they ſwing their Corps like a Pendulum, and believe it the moſt upright ſteady Motion. They are ſure to walk firm, where all other Creatures tumble; and ſeldom can keep their Legs long, when they get upon *Terra firma*.

I have kept ye thus ſtaring without Board, purely 'till the Captain be ready to receive us; let us enter now a God's Name, and ſee what a Reception his Honour will give.

The Character of a Sea-Captain.

HE's a *Leviathan*, or rather a Kind of Sea-God, whom the poor Tars worſhip as the *Indians* do the Devil, more thro' Fear, than Affection; nay, ſome will have it, that he's more a Devil, than the Devil himſelf.

Old Nick has ſo much Conſcience, ſay they, as to allow all his Slaves their Hire, nay, and lets them many times poſſeſs more than their due Dividend of human Enjoyments: But this Ruler of the Roaſt has ſo little Chriſtian Honeſty, as to force the Sailors not only to work, watch, and fight, but even ſtarve too, for his ſole Advantage; puts them upon a thouſand extra Services, and Works of Supererogation, and after ſends them to the Devil for a Reward, if they but barely offer to ask one.

His Extraction is not from the Dung-hill, that's certain; for his Dad, in a drunken Frolick, begot him at Sea; and thence comes his eager Inclination to Wine and Gun-powder ever after.

Though it's commonly ſaid of him, that he's

he's better fed than taught, yet he fully makes up the Poverty of his Education, with that of his Endowments; for he's commonly a Man of many Talents; he relies far more upon these, than Book-Knowledge, and Accompts, all literature, very impertinent, that tends not directly to the doubling of a Penny.

The great Cabin, is the *Sanctum Sanctorum* he inhabits; from this all Mortals are excluded by a Marine, with a brandish'd Sword, who guards this Bird of Paradise as watchfully, as the Centries do the Geese in *St. James's Park*.

Sometimes a humble Supplicant is admitted to the Threshold, usher'd in by the Barber, the Master of his Ceremonies; and while this poor Mendicant addresses him with Fear and Trembling, this Son of *Boreas* (that he might not daunt the Creature too much) looks round, and turns his Sternpost directly upon him.

It must be a great Change of Weather indeed, when he deigns to walk the Quarter-deck; for such a Prostitution of his Presence, he thinks, weakens his Authority, and makes his Worship less reverenc'd by the Ship's Crew.

Here he's easily distinguish'd from all besides; for his Steps bear Proportion with the Height of his Post, stalking along with grave State, like the Ghost in the *Libertine*.

Upon his first popping up, the Lieutenants sheer off to the other Side, as if he was

a Ghoſt indeed; for 'tis Impudence for any to approach him within the Length of a Boat-hook.

By this ſervile Obeiſance, one would fancy him ſome Conſtellation dropt from the Clouds, or that at leaſt he was Monarch of far more Territories, than ever he touch'd at in all his Voyagings.

He fulfils to a Tittle the never-failing Proverb, *Set a Beggar on Horſeback, and he'll ride to Peg Cranciums*; for being once mounted his wooden Steed, there's no ſtopping his Career, for he makes every Thing ſheer before him.

He's an everlaſting Admirer of that old Saying, *Familiarity breeds Contempt*; which he takes in ſo extenſive a Senſe, that he allows no Diſtinction betwixt an Officer and a Swabber; exacting infinitely more Ceremony from his Lieutenant, than he will allow to God Almighty.

In fine, looking all around, and ſeeing his Spot of Territory incirel'd with Salt-water, he fancies himſelf as Great a Prince, as the Princeſs of *Great Britain*.

This Pride of his, is the only Sea-ſickneſs that he's plagu'd with, and which intoxicate him to that Degree, that he neither knows himſelf, nor others; but it holds him no longer, than while he's Aboard. Remove him aſhore once, and his Brains grow ſettl'd, and he becomes your humble Servant in an Inſtant.

He projects more trifling Innovations in his

his Ship, than a Shop-Politician does in the State; nothing he believes was ever rightly done, 'till he took Place; and yet they that know him better than he does himself, won't allow him to be an Inch better Man, than those that flouriſh'd in honeſt *Van Tromp*'s Days.

Theſe were the Days when *Plain Dealing* reign'd, when *Manly* and *Freeman* liv'd like Friends together, and Merit ſhin'd with Luſtre, more than Gold; but now the Purſe-proud Captain looks a-ſquint on all that *Chance* has plac'd below him.

Formerly a well-mann'd Side, with one Officer alone, was thought a ſufficient Token of Reſpect; but now every Officer muſt run at Midnight to receive their Chief, tho' he come aboard as drunk as a Beggar. What can we expect leſs in the ſucceeding Year, than that his great Proxy, the firſt Lieutenant, attend his Waters purely to prevent an *Interregnum?* For ſome, God knows, have had the unhappy Fate to part with their Sir--- and their Lives together.

He complies with his printed Inſtructions as preciſely, as the Chaplain does with the Rules of the Goſpel. His Will is a Law, that's certain, and it's his Will to act contrary to Law; for who dare ſay to him, *What doſt thou?*

But how abſolute ſoever his Command is Abroad, he has a Check-mate at Home, that oft-times raiſes ſuch a Hurricane, as to drive him from his Moorings; and then it's a

hundred

hundred to one if he can bring up, before he ſplit his Reputation upon *Cuckolds-Point*, or elſewhere.

And truly the Hero fears her more than a Storm. Many a Heccatomb of humble Prayers, does he offer to appeaſe this Petticoat-Deity; nay, and never fails to bring her every now and then from afar, ſome valuable Toy or other, in Hopes to keep her a faithful Turtle in his Abſence; but ſhe, alas! is no ſuch doleful Bird, but a Woman; and cannot but think him a very inhuman Creature, to put her upon ſo unconſcionable a *Lent*, as to faſt a whole Summer's Expedition.

How fond ſoever he appears of his dear Duck's Company, he makes no tireſome Stay with her; for after the Honey-Moon is over, he pretends preſſing Orders from the Board; ſo taking his laſt Farewel, he leaves her in the Sudds, and ſtreight makes an Elopement to *Spithead* again; but the Parſon, or ſome kind Neighbour in the Pariſh, hearing of her ſolitary Circumſtances, very Chriſtianly endeavours to ſtop up all Gaps of Diſcontent betwixt them.

His Flight from *England* he takes in the Spring, and you ſeldom ſee him more 'till the coming in of Woodcocks; and oftentimes it laſts much longer.

Tho' he's but a very ſorry Horſe-man, yet he's mightily given to the Chaſe; but how eager ſoever he ſhews himſelf in purſuing

the Game, he always takes great Care to *look before he leap.*

Hence it is, that he's never without a ſwinging large Spy-glaſs, which yet one would fancy to be no good one, becauſe his Honour is very often found to ſee double through it.

The firſt Thing he peeps at, thro' this truſty Spy-all, is, the Chaſe's Port-holes; if ſhe's well ſtock'd with theſe in his Apprehenſion, he won't look twice; for Friend or Enemy, ſhe's a ſcurvy Sight at a Diſtance, and it's no Wiſdom to venture within Reach of his own Eyes, becauſe *Tartars* are ſwift-footed.

He's a great Admirer of a fleet Sailor, and had rather have a good Runner, than a Ship of great Force; for if he can't take, he can leave, and there's no Honour loſt, if he but come off with his Bacon; ſo that willingly he would fall in with none but Merchant-ſhips; all beſides is dry Meat, and very unpalitable to a Man that has his quick Senſes.

If ſhe Loom to his Wiſh, he's as brisk as Bottle-Ale, and flies at her with all the Sail he can pack; and fain would he have you fancy, that he ſhews his much Courage, by his much Crowding; but the Boat-ſwain perhaps will mutter ye under the Roſe, that it's the Trick of a Hound to be yare at Hares only.

The Truth is, he generally looks as fierce and eager as a Tyger purſuing a Deer; but

if

if when he has got a-breaſt of his Enemy, he finds, that ſhe's better fleſh'd than he thought for, the *Bell-air* unfortunately then deſerts him, and you may fairly read his Apprehenſions in his very Countenance.

He has a rare Hand at playing away his Lieutenants upon hair-brain'd Enterprizes; for he's as prodigal as the Devil of other Mens Blood, when Money's in the Way, and always makes Uſe of a Lieutenant's Paw to draw it out of Danger; for though it's mighty common with him to quit the Ship, without Leave, for a good Dinner, yet he makes it an indiſpenſible Law, never to ſtep forth when Danger calls him.

So he deputes for his Proxy, ſome numb-skull'd Officer, whom he moſt eſteems; and to demonſtrate his kind Love the more, he ſtrips him of all, when the Prey is took, that the World may not think, that the young Eſquire's Courage was mercenary.

If any of the meaner Fry ſhall gape for their proper Share, he'll be ſure to mark that Villain out for a Mutineer in Thought, and ſit like Pitch on his Skirts for ever after.

Thus, tho' he have not one Hand in the taking, he'll be ſure to have both in the diſpoſing of a Prize. The Queen allots him three Parts in eight for his ſingular Hazards, and he grants himſelf the other five, to prevent fooliſh Fractions and Diviſions.

Now, Fools that give not themſelves the Liberty to think, would fancy all this to have

ſomewhat

ɔmewhat of Knavery in it, whereas in him 't's a digeſted Thought of Prudence; for o divide the Spoil, (will he ſay) were but very Tar a Crown, whereas all in a Lump, t's a pretty round Sum, worth any Gentleman's Keeping; but ſhould a half-ſtarv'd ailor, ſharp a Pair of old Shoes from him, e would ſurely drub the pilfering Cur to Death for it.

Thus the wretched Ship's Crew, that weat and fight for Bread, get ſcarce the very Huſk, whilſt he runs away with the Flower f the Cargo; and epicuriſes his pocky Carcaſs for ever after.

But ſometimes he meets with a gruff Subltern, that ſnarls at his rapacious Stomach, nd by the Help of the Board, makes him ake up with *Doctors-Commons*; which brings he Monſter down again to his due Proortion.

Gold has a far more powerful Virtue over im, than the Loadſtone has upon the Sea-Compaſs; which, tho' never ſo well touch'd, will often point from its true Pole; whereas his precious *Flower-de-luce*, for ever looks irectly to the Groat-Planet, in Spite of all hree-penny Changes whatſoever.

Hence, if he be not damnably rich, 'tis one of his Fault, for he boggles at no imaginary Quick-ſands, that may lie in his Way; nay, ſuch a hungry Shirk is he, that ou'd ſwear he had neither Senſe or Taſte f Infamy. In fine, this famous Man of War, is of ſuch an unaccountable Work-

manſhip, that four Ounces of *Vigo* Duſt ſhall weigh him down more, than four Tun of Honeſty. Batter him with Gold once, and he ſhall ſtrike inſtantly to the moſt ſcandalous Articles that Hell can offer.

Thus he's always more intent upon cramming his Bags, than filling the Sailors Bellies; if they ſtarve, 'tis no Matter; it's but preſſing for more at Home, and he has them: But ſometimes he comes many Leagues ſhort of his Reckoning, for through Want of Hands to work her, the Ship is loſt in a Storm, and ſo his Worſhip goes with all his ill-got Wealth to the Devil.

Cheating, he believes the pure Effect of a long Head, and is much ſcandaliz'd to find any in his Ship out-witting him at that Game. Bubling, he ſays, is the Reſult of ſound Reaſoning, and he that dares not be a Raſcal upon a fair Occaſion, he is ſure dare do nothing.

Generoſity, he reckons as unaccountable as the extravagant Tricks of Knight-Errantry; and human Campaſſion, to be little better than a human Frailty. He can no way credit the Story of *Alexander*'s throwing the Cup of Water from him, before the Face of his periſhing Army; for his part, he had rather ſee the whole Fleet parch'd up Like Touchwood, for want of Water, than his Waſher-man ſhould be ſtinted any way; nay, ſo incredibly extravagant is he ſometimes, as to waſh his Ca-

bi

bin with fresh Water, when the Ship's Company want it to allay the burning Heat of their salt Victuals, and hard Labour. Whoever starves, his Sheep and Hogs, to be sure, must live at full Allowance. Thus, tho' he be no Water-Drinker himself, he destroys a hundred times more than those that have nothing besides to live on.

But, pardon me, I am far from drawing him a downright Reprobate, for all the World knows, that he has some good Works hanging about him; he has so much Christian Charity, as to make Wills for unfortunate Intestates, that wanted Time to do it for themselves; and compassionately espouses the Interest of all those poor Souls that die Abroad without any Frinds or Relations, by generously owning them to have been his Servants, and having, upon the Advice of his learned Council in *Black-Fryars*, forg'd their Indentures and Names; by the Virtue of it, receiving their Pay, and very carefully secures it for them, 'till they come to call for it.

The Purser would be a rich Knave, but for him and the Rats together; but he'll by no Means let that Rogue play his Pranks on Board, except he pay him soundly for a License; and truly that Projector is as good an Annuity to him, as a first Rate Bawdy-house is to a *Meddlesex* Justice.

These two often join Logger-heads together, and broach more pernicious Contrivances, to the Detriment of the Ship,

than ever *London*-Vintners did to the Ruin of honeſt Topers.

He often applauds the Wiſdom of the *Dutch*, in letting their Ships be wholly victuall'd by their Captains; and ſwears, that did we but introduce the like among us, it would quite clear the Fleet of the Scurvy.

One ſo ſollicious about other Mens Healths, cannot be unmindful of his own, to be ſure; and truly he is ſo very cheary of it, that he ſometimes out-lives his Commiſſion by it; for he had rather part with his Ship, than come within the Poſſibility of a *Weſt-India* Sickneſs; and yet, in ſpite of all his Providence, the poor Tars that go live to piſs on his Grave a Twelve-month after.

He feaſts his Brother-Captains out of pure good Husbandry, for they club Dinners by Turns; and that nothing may be loſt, the Fragments are gather'd to make up a Supper, and ſo cheat both the Dogs, and the Servants.

His Diſhes are not many, but very well ſeaſon'd, yet nothing gives ſo great a Reliſh to his Palate, as the hard Allowance of his Ship's Crew. It's an unſpeakable Titulation to one of his Conſtitution, to ſee every Day ſo many hundred poor Souls, that would reckon it a Bleſſing to have but one ſavory Smell at his Fleſh-pots.

He never wants for two Sorts of Liquors the Good and the Bad; the firſt is reſerv'd for the ſole Uſe of the beſt Perſon at the Table

an

and that's himſelf to be ſure; as for the other, you ſhan't want enough on't, and that to be ſure unſophiſticated with the other.

He diſtributes his dead Hogs and Sheep, as he does his caſt Apparel, among his Followers, who, by their Eating, ſeem to fancy it ſomewhat Divine, becauſe kill'd by the Hand of Providence; and truly they may thank Providence for it, which elſe had been ſpent all at their Maſter's Table.

Once a Moon, perhaps, he invites ſome Marine Lieutenant to taſte of his Bounty; but the poor Gentleman finds his Dinner beſtow'd rather as a Charity, than an honourable Entertainment; for, upon his Entry, he finds him aforehand ſeated at Table, with as ſtiff an Air, as if he expected your coming to kiſs his Toe, for no Pope upon Earth can look greater. Down you ſit along with this dumb God; who ſhews what ye are to do next, by firſt helping himſelf; if you won't follow, you may faſt, for by *Neptune*, he won't aſſiſt you. Thus you ſit as mute as a Fiſh, or a Bawd at an Evening-Lecture, 'till his Worſhip has finiſh'd; and then he riſes firſt; you may ſtay, or follow him if you pleaſe, but not into the Cabbin, but upon Deek, and there you may walk and digeſt both your Meat, and your Reception. But who would not curſe his haughty ſenſleſs Vanity, that makes a Gentleman pay dearer for his ſorry Commons, than ever *Pontac* chalk'd up to a fortunate Club of City Cuckolds? A ſervile Con-

ſtraint being much more reſented by a generous Soul, than a deep Reckoning.

He never deigns to diſcourſe at Table with any below a Brother Captain, and then the grand Text they hold forth upon, is, the Behaviour of their Lieutenants, whoſe Reputation they worry more greedily than their Victuals; but ſometimes their villanous Reflexions take Wind, and then ten to one but their Bullet-heads compound for the Lapſes of their Tongue.

View but his Muſter-Books, and you'll, by their Rates, fancy his Men the ſtouteſt Fellows in the Navy; but view them upon Deck, and Lord! what a Herd of Animals you'll behold! At every tenth Call, perhaps you may tally down a Sailor. What Diſcouragement gives not this to right-bred Tars from entering Volunters, where they find a ſcoundrel Taylor, or raſcally Barber, meet with ten times better Entertainment, and never touch a Rope for it?

If he's allow'd a Score or two of Servants, for the greater Encouragement to Navigation, he's ſure to pick up a Scum that are good for nothing, that they may coſt him next to nothing in the Keeping.

Theſe he often puts into the Queen's Livery, and makes her pay for the Stuff, to avoid the Penalty; but more often he covers this wretched Black-guard with white Canvas, that the Lice may want good Footing.

A few he has of a higher Form, whom he calls his menial Retinue; theſe, tho' juſt pick'd off from a Taylor's Shop board, are rated able on his Ship's Books. Thus he has every Thing at free Coſt, from a Steward, down to a Shoe-wiper. When theſe are once iniated within the Steerage, they are like ſacred Devotes, for ever after debarr'd prophaning their Hands with Ropes or Tar-buckets.

He ſpends a deal of puzzling Thought upon his Boat's Crew, and racks his Invention about their Equipment; if he hit upon any new Maggot in their Caps or Coats, he's prouder of his Ingenuity, than a firſt Rate Taylor, when his ſpander new Faſhion takes at St. *James*'s. He had much rather ſee his Cockſwain in a clean Shirt, than his Lieutenant, and believes a Kittiſol a nobler Piece of Magnificence, than a good Table.

He has a mortal Averſion to your Merchant-Ship Captains, not purely for their preſumptuous Aſſumption of his proper Tittle, but out of an old Grutch; for he can't yet ſhake off the Remembrance of thoſe many dry Blows he receiv'd when Cabin-boy to old *Gruff* of *Wapping*.

Yet his Averſion is not ſo invincible, but may be ſurmounted by a weighty Preſent upon a homeward-bound Voyage, and he takes their Offering with as much ſupercilious State, as an *Eaſtern* Monarch, or *Weſt India* Vice-Roy.

His Lieutenants are his great Eye-ſore, becauſe they alone lay Pretentions to Gentility, a Thing that alarms him more than a lighted Pipe in a Powder-Room. He uſes them with much ſtricter Severity, (conſidering their Station) than he does the louſy Crew; he tops upon them like a Yard-Arm, to depreſs them the lower on the other ſide.

The plain Truth is, 'tis ſomewhat better being his Dog, or his Monkey, than his Subaltern, for he makes a hail Fellow of theſe upon his Quarter-deck, whilſt he keeps all beſides at a ſurly Diſtance.

But ſometimes he has the good Luck to meet with a very complaiſant Fellow, that will fetch and carry like *Tray*, and ſuffer himſelf to be bubbl'd, and rid like an Aſs, with Thankfulneſs. This is the Officer he has ſo long wiſh'd for; this he crys up for a Paramount Lieutenant, and juſt ready ripe for a Captainſhip; ſo, by a raſcally Recommendation to the Board, he endeavours to reward him at the publick Coſt; for, to be ſure, this Creature will prove juſt ſuch a Catterpillar as his Maker.

After his Dogs are ſerv'd, he diſtributes the Remains of his loving Kindneſs on ſome ſnotty-nos'd Letter-man, the Product of ſome quondam Punk, or Ale-wife. If one of theſe carry any fancy'd Strokes of his Features, that lucky Youth is certainly mark'd out for a Commiſſion, and he ſhall force a Rupture with ſome one of his Lieutenants,

tenants to make a Vacancy for him, rather than he ſhall wait 'till Manhood, without one.

A great Politician he muſt needs be, for he ſaiis with every Shift of Wind: and when the Gale of good Fortune ſhrinks, he alters his Courſe, and reaches his Port by the Traverſe Rules of Injuſtice and Oppreſſion.

If the Wind and Tide of Affairs prove too violent, he then certainly trims about, and bears away for any Place, 'tis no matter what Port, whether Turk or Infidel; for againſt Wind and Tide too, there is no Working.

He's neither a Wit, nor a Fool, for he has commonly too much Greaſe, and too little Erudition, to be the one, and has ſeen ſo much of the World, that he cannot well be the other; yet he's ſo far a Sot, as to think no Man ſees ſo well as himſelf, becauſe none has travell'd ſo many Leagues as he has done.

He has no mortal Averſion for the *French*; it is not their Blood he thirſts after, but their Claret; 'tis unvoluntary, to be ſure, if he ſpill of the one, or the other.

He's commonly a ſtiff Man for the Government, yet not ſo ſtiff as to carry Sail againſt all Weathers. He loves Loyalty, but he loves his Ship much better, and rather than loſe this, he'll throw the other overboard in a Storm. To beat up againſt all Revolutions, does but diſable a Man, and drifts him into the Gulf of Poverty, which

he dreads more ten thouſand times over, than the Bay of *Biſcay*.

He laughs at the poor Simplicity of the Ancients, that ſhap'd their Courſe to Wealth by the ſtreight Lines of Honeſty and plain Dealing: The World is now found to be globular ever ſince the Diſcovery of the *Weſt Indies*, and conſequently (crys he) the only way to hit rightly upon *Peru* and *Mexico*, is by the curved Lines of our modern Mercators, who make all the Meridionals of the Chart of Life, to bend and center in the two Poles of Luxury and Power.

There are no Blaſts ſo frightful to him, as thoſe ſtrong unexpected Turnadoes, that come off Shore from the Territories of the Admiralty; theſe ſometimes reach him as far as *Braſil* and *Jamaica*; and moſt certainly overſet him, if he be not ready ſtiffen'd with *Peru* Ballaſt. If he have enough of this, he may get ſafe Home, provided always he obſerve well his Land-Marks, keeping *Crutched-Fryars* in a Line with the Horſe-Guards; and then he may run in boldly to *Chatham*.

Being arriv'd here, his firſt Thought, is, to inform the Board, that he and the Ship are both living, and his next, is, to petition for a few Weeks comfortable Relaxation from the woeful Fatigues of a perpetual Swilling, eating, and ſleeping for a whole Twelve-Month together, to the great Detriment of his Body and Face, that's already become

become as unfashionable as a *Smithfield* Inn-keeper's. Having made this Remonstrance, ashore he comes with so blustering an Air, as if he fancy'd himself the Son of *Neptune*, sent to declare War against the whole Earth.

The first Trip he makes, is, to his precious Help-mate, and his next to *Whitehall*, where you'll find him offering at the Airs of a Courtier; he begins with the Porter of the Office, at the Anchor of Hope, to whom he pays more servile Cringes, than ever he allow'd Aboard his own Ship to his Betters; but tho' he pass Muster here, he cannot at St. *James's*, for the Tar is smelt out under all his Trappings.

In fine, strip him of every Thing, but himself, or let him truck Jackets with any of his Barge-men, and if you distinguish him from out the Crew, I'll give you leave to hang him; their Discourse, their Behaviour, their Passions, their Aims, their Wishes, their every Thing so alike, that any one that has but Sense enough to know Fish from Flesh, will cry out, they are all of a Mould, *and there's never a Barrel better Herring.*

A Sea-Lieutenant,

IS a Gentleman, he'll tell ye, by his Commiſſion; and hence it is he carries it always about him, to give you Demonſtration-Proof, in caſe you call it in Queſtion: He lugs it out almoſt as often as he does his Watch, and believes both together convincing Proofs of his Gentility.

The better Officer he is, he's ſure of having the worſer Captain; for upon the Diligence and Compliance of the one, depends the Pride and Lazineſs of the other; ſo that the one doing as he ought, the other is ſure to do nothing. Thus theſe two are generally pair'd like marry'd Couples, the very good Wife being link'd in the Chain of Providence, to the good-for-nothing Huſband.

There are ſeveral ſorts and ſizes of Lieutenants, but may be compriz'd within three Degrees of Compariſon; the firſt of theſe, is, the Captain's Vicegerent, and generally Heir apparent to him; and often in his Sleep he fancies himſelf actually in Poſſeſſion, to the no ſmall Wonder of the Quarter-deck, when in the Dead of Night, they

they hear him cuff about the Bed and Bed-poſts, and crying out in a cold Sweat, *Zounds, mind your Hand, you Dog at the Helm, and bear away; Bear up round, you Slave, for the Enemy you ſee edge down upon us*; ſo offering at the Quartier's Chops in his Dream, he ſtrikes his Fiſt againſt the Ship-ſide, and ſtreight that awakes him, to his no little Comfort; in finding he had been all this while ſleeping in a whole Skin.

If he be in a leading Ship, his Hopes ſtand fair; and fairer ſtill, if ſhe's alone, on a long Expedition; there oft does he pray for his Captain's Death moſt unfeignedly, but not that it may come by a Cannon-Shot; for he loves not to wet his Fingers with a bloody Commiſſion; it's moſt legible when only in White and Black, and he hopes to keep it ſo all his Days, when he gets it.

His Ambition reaches juſt Commiſſion-high; all other Contemplations he reckons extra Duties, and the mere Connundrums of an idle Fancy.

He's eminently skill'd in talking much to little Purpoſe, and believes all Knowledge beyond the Reach of his Dipſilline, not worth ſounding for.

He's a Man of Parts, that he's ſure of, and he would deem himſelf a great Block-head, if he told you not as much, the firſt Time he ſees you. He tells you often, both drunk and ſober, what a notable Fellow he is, and the many Reformations he will introduce, and what mighty Diſcoveries he will

will make, when he comes into his Kingdom; and yet had he his Wiſhes, he'd juſt keep his Word in this, as in all his other Promiſes: He would reign juſt like the lazy Monarch before him, and ſhew he had not one Ounce better Blood than his Leader.

He's ſo much the Captain's right Hand, that he can ſcarce wipe his Backſide without him. He's a ſecond *Socia*, and aſſumes the Captain's Phiz, Air, Pride, and Blaſphemy, in his Abſence; then he acts his Rehearſal over, that he may not have his Part to ſeek, when he comes to be dub'd a Captain indeed.

Tho' he ſee the Court leſs, he has yet as much Circumſpection aſhore, in his Converſation, as his Captain; for he takes Care to ſmell the Ground where he is, and like a wiſe Philoſopher, conforms to Time and Place moſt preciſely. Hence it comes, that among unconſtrain'd Manly Society, he's as amicable as a Sheep, and very ſeldom talks Atheiſm, but in the Preſence of the Chaplain, or is very unruly, but in civil Company.

But follow him ſtrait into his Wooden Territories, and you'll ſee him diſplay his Commiſſion with a Vengeance, eſpecially in the Captain's Abſence; then he will over act his Part moſt unſufferably, inſomuch, that you'd wonder a Sheep ſhould ſo ſuddenly all at once be turn'd to a Tygar.

Speak

Speak to him there, tho' in never ſo mild Terms, he takes it his own way, and anſwers ye in Fire and Smoak through his Noſtrils: In this kind of unmanly *Billingſgate* Claſhing, he's a much greater Maſter, than at the Claſhing of Weapons.

The more gruff and waſpiſh he is, the leſs will he tollerate it in others; and you have him a thouſand times ſtorming at the Haughtineſs of ſuch as have ten times leſs than himſelf.

Oft does he mutter at the Partialities of the Board, and admires at the Neglect of Merit, including himſelf, for certain; and yet his Preferment had already out-run his Deſerts, farther than ever his dead Reckoning did his Obſervation.

His Poſt in a Fight, is the Gun-deck, and there he's ſure of but one Chance againſt him; for he would deem himſelf an unpardonable Blockhead, if he kept not out of the way of ſmall Shot.

Of all Officers in the Ship, he rails the moſt againſt Captains, tho' he's the firſt of any that hopes to be one. He'll tell ye a thouſand wicked Stories of them in his Cups, and ſwear they are more fatal to the Ship, than ſtinking Beef, and ſcarce one worth Keel-hawling.

But when he's ſober again, he ſeriouſly curſes the Freedom of his Tongue, and is ready to eat his Words when you'll have him. He relies on the Captain's good Word, as the Cut-water to his Preferments, and begs

a Certificate, when he removes from the Ship, with as ſneaking a Look almoſt, as a Cripple does from a Country-Juſtice.

He makes, at every Turn, a heavy Coyle about the Diſcipline of the Navy, and yet puts it as little in Practice, as his lazy Commander. Every old Woman knows, that the End of War-Ships, is Fighting; but this ſpluttering Manager ſeems to believe them built and maintain'd purely for Sailing, and Wearing out Canvas.

Hence, if he have but Hands enough to Furl, Rief, and make Sinnate, he concludes this Wooden Fortreſs better mann'd than the *Trojan* Horſe, for ſhe's fitted for all Weathers.

So the only Thing he dreams not on, is, the Diſcipline of Fighting, 'till Chance ſometimes throws him in the Way of it, and then he's ſtruck as mute as a young Whore taken in the Fact, and knows not which Way to turn him, for 'tis too late then to offer at inſtructing the Ship's Crew, whom he has kept as ignorant of Gunnery, as a *Hackney* Coach-man.

He reckons himſelf (tho' perhaps but the Son of a Cuſtard-monger) fifty Degrees above a Commander of a Merchant-Ship; and yet his Gentility is ſure to ſtoop lower than the other in Matters of Traffick; nay, ſuch a ſorry Dealer is he of ſmall Ware, that you'd ſwear he had ſerv'd twice ſeven Years 'Prenticeſhip to a *Scotch* Pedlar.

He

He judges of Men, as he does of Ships, by the Out-ſide; and he that makes the moſt gilded Appearance, is moſt certainly the happieſt, in his Mathematical Conceit.

His Seniority gives him ſome Advantages above his Brothers; but the only beſt, is, that of Half-pay, when the War's blown over. Were it not for this, his Thoughts would tumble too and fro worſe than a Ship becalm'd after a great Storm in the Gulf of *Lyons*.

The ſecond Lieutenant, is a kind of ſpare Top-maſt, that lies idle while the firſt is ſtanding, and in good Condition; ſo we'll e'en lay him Fore and Aft for the preſent, and come to the loweſt, who is as tall as the higheſt in his own Conceit.

This ſame then is a kind of a Hobbede-hoy, or a Boy in Man's Cloaths; for his Chin's yet as ſmooth as the Backſide of his Commiſſion. Being young and ſupple, the Captain endeavours to qualify him to be a Penny-poſt-man, as not having any Half-pay to truſt to. He ſends him upon a thouſand ſleeveleſs Errands, to the great Conſolation of the Foot-man, and to his own greater Diverſion; for he takes no little Pleaſure to humble the young Squire, and pull him down beyond ordinary, that when he comes up, he may ſtand at the true Bent, fit for a Commander to ſhoot his Game withal.

He muſt come to the Ring of Midnight Bell, tho' it be but to call a Servant. He muſt

must go a League or two, to carry a Leg of Mutton (but under Pretence of carrying a Letter) to a Brother Captain, and to ask, by the by, how he digeſted his laſt Night's Debauch.

If he boggle or ſtand upon his Punctilio's, and refuſe performing ſuch like Menaces, he's immediately proclaim'd throughout the Fleet, a reifty Puppy; and the Captains, one and all, join Notes together, and bark the poor Gentleman out of the Navy; at leaſt, he has a Mark of Diſtinction clapt on him behind his Back, which makes him in almoſt as forlorn a Condition, as a Freſh-water Booby condemn'd to ſtorm the Caſtle.

But all this wears off in Time, and his Authority grows up with his Beard, ſo that in one Twelve-month he comes to be an able, roaring, threſhing Fellow, and fit to be ſent upon Preſſing.

So when the Ship has been ſufficiently depopulated by ill Uſage, my Spark is detach'd aſhore, with ſome choice Hounds, to go hunt out for a freſh Stock.

He hugs the Occaſion, to be ſure on't, for he never fancies himſelf ſo great by his Commiſſion, as by his Preſs-warrant, becauſe here he hectors without a Rival.

The Truth is, he and his Banditogs together make a woeful Noiſe in all the Sea-Port Towns round the Kingdom; he beats up all Quarters, and rummages the *Wapping* Ale-

le-houſes, as narrowly as he would a Prize rom the *Indies*.

The Ale-Wives tickle him in the Gills ith the Title of Captain, which makes im oft-times ſtay to get drunk in their houſes, out of pure Joy and Gratitude.

But his ſtricteſt Inqueſt, is in your Sai- rs proper Habitations; there he plays e Devil upon two Sticks, hawls every hing about, and prys into every ſuſpi- ous Corner, whilſt the poor Wife, to quiet im, freely lets him examine every Hole e can find out, and then he marches off ell ſatisfy'd.

In fine, he's a perfect Hurricane in a little own, and drives the laggard Dog along e Streets, with as much Noiſe and Buſtle, s Butchers do Swine to *Smithfield*; nay, ot only forces them to run againſt the ream, but oft-times makes them tow aſtern heavy Fly-boat of a Wife, as far as from *weed* to *Medway*; and tho' he really hurry len off againſt their Inclinations, he's as far om being a Kid-napper, as a Hang-man from being a Cut-throat.

In the Days of *Yore*, he us'd to play the Devil amongſt the *New-Caſtle* Colliers, who ft-times, to ſhun his threatning *Scilla*, ave grounded their Veſſels on *Charibdis*. ut thoſe that knew his Trim, us'd to ad him well with Ale and Salmon, the ommon Way to fore-reach upon him; but he ch nc'd to prove ſo head-ſtrong, that o Liquor could overcome him, the laſt Remedy

Remedy then was, to bring out ſome Yellow Boys, which were of far more Eſteem with him, than ſo many Sun-burnt Sailors.

Thus in one *Northern* Trip, he would pick ye up a hundred or two of theſe little Younkers, with which he could fight his way to Preferment, much better than with ſo many ſtout Tars in an Engagement.

Having brought him back again among his Brethren, let us now take him to be as good as the beſt of them, and ſo draw him in Perfection.

Though he's an Officer, he's a downright Eye-ſervant, and is never ſo active, as in the Preſence of his Commander; he is then perpetually making Incurſions into the Boatſwain's Province, and too often intrenches upon his proper Duty; for he's a ſmart Fellow at a Cudgel, and oft does he make the poor Tars yelp and run about, like Dogs in a Church, under the Correction of a Sexton.

He can no more refrain drubbing in the ſight of Strangers, than a *French*-man can hold from cutting Capers in the Preſence of Ladies; and he has as great an Itch at breaking of Heads on Board, as he has aſhore at breaking of Windows; and well he may, for here he lays on with irreſiſtable Blows, and always comes off ſcot-free.

Thus he trains up Sailors, as Car-men do Horſes, with the Stick and Whip; for he knows by the Conſtitution of his own Nature, that no Good can be done without Drubbing.

But if he gives, he takes too ſometimes, inſomuch, that it's not eaſy to determine which of the two provokes moſt the other, he or his Captain; if this uſe the firſt like an Aſs, the firſt gives him good Cauſe by his ſervile Sufferance.

But *Job* at laſt complain'd, and ſo does he; but inſtead of being four-fold better, it coſts him his Ruin; for tho' Right and Juſtice be his Advocates, 'tis Captains only hear and judge him, and thoſe Brother-Starlings, are Birds of a Feather, that always agree together.

He's a mighty exact Man about Trifles, and lays far more Streſs upon the running up of Yards and Top-maſts well after a Storm, than in the running out of Guns briskly in an Engagement. If but a pitiful Boat, clapt Aboard, tho' in ſafe Harbour, without timely Notice firſt given, he ſhall make a greater Clamour and Uproar, than if ſhe was grappl'd by a Fire-ſhip.

He's never truly calm, but in the Hurly-Burly of a Fight; for then People have other Fiſh to fry, than to mind him; nor is he very ſorry for it, becauſe (howſoever he may flatter himſelf at other times) upon ſuch Occaſions he finds himſelf made but of the common Mould, and as liable to ſtink, as other Mortals; but he cannot eaſily be ſmelt out amidſt ſo much Smoak of Gun-powder.

He's no Hypocrite, as to his Vices, that's certain; for he'll tell ye a hundred times o-

ver

ver, without asking, what a notable lew
Fellow he is, and has been in his Generati
on, and values himſelf not a little upon th
Reputation of it.

He'll ſwear to ye, he has made mor
Cuckolds, than Bowls of Punch; and be
lieves there is no more Sin in taking a Spell
with a Whore, than in pumping a leaky
Veſſel.

The Surgeon makes much more of hi
Debauchery, than his Courage, and alway
takes Care to patch him up with Speed, t
have the better Cuſtomer of him.

But yet, after all, if you won't believ
he's very often guilty of Lying, you'l
wrong him, for he's not altogether ſo very
Miſcreant as he would paſs for, fatherin
many more wicked Pranks, than ever h
had Force or Courage to be guilty of. Lord
what a Number of fine Women has he over
ſet; and how many luſty Fellows has h
made look pale, whom he never once ſaw
or dream'd of.

Not but that he has made many Attempt
of both Kinds, and with the like Succeſs
as ſeldom coming off from the one withou
a Clap, as from the other without a Beating
When he has got his Belly full of both, h
puts aboard again, and one Summer's Voy
age buries all in Oblivion.

When he's out at Sea, he's in a ſtrang
Pickle, and oft looks around him, with a
penſive a Phiz, as a Horſe penn'd up in
Pinfold. Lord! crys he, who but a Mad
ma

man would go to Sea to fiſh for Bread! Ads Death, there's no living like a Chriſtian, but upon *Terra firma.*

But as there is no Place ſo wretched, as to want its Comforts, he weans by Degrees his Longings after the Fleſh-pots of *Sodom*, and in lieu of Whores, makes Cards and Dice his ſerious Entertainment. He tempers his bad Throws with good Punch, for the Box and Glaſs go Hand in Hand together. By the Time he has unloaded his Pockets, he's floated off his Legs, and then drives upon the Coaſt of *Bedfordſhire*, and there he ſticks faſt 'till next Morning.

He as little thinks of going to Heaven, as to *Jamaica*: He cannot, he ſays, find any fixt Pole-Star, or Mathematical Rules to truſt to in that Voyage; ſo he e'en ſhapes his Courſe after his Captain, without obſerving any Latitude in his Doings.

But tho' he tries every Way, both by and large, to keep up with his Leader, he's commonly wrong'd very much for want of Sail and Skill too, ſo that how well ſoever he can weather upon others, he never is able to fore-reach upon his Commander.

He has an equal Averſion to Fighting and Peace, and prays heartily for the long Life of *Lewis*, for fear the War die with him: Oft does he ruminate on that unhappy happy Change, and then his Thoughts are adrift, what Courſe to ſteer, but at laſt he grounds himſelf upon the Iſle of Pyrates.

But alack! his noble Reſolutions ſhift

like

like Tides, for every Beacon he meets with, reminds him of *Tyburn*, and then he determines to hawl upon a Bowling all the Days of his appointed Time, rather than teach Fools Wisdom at his own Cost, and hang up in Chains for the Good of Posterity.

'Tis this Thought often mortifies him in his Days of Prosperity, and makes him, by Intervals, a much more human Officer, than otherwise his Nature would allow him to be.

In fine, he's the Captain's humble Pig in a String, or rather his Greyhound, let loose after every Chace, which, if he take, he's sure to pick the Bones for his Labour; but of all Chaces, he likes that of a well-fraight Widow best; if he can but one clap her Aboard, he's sure to carry her; and tho' he cannot pretend to make her all his own, yet he sticks by her, 'till he has reach'd to the End of his Voyage of Life.

Now, after all that has been said, it must be own'd, that you shall sometimes stumble upon a Lieutenant (as Cuckolds do upon hidden Treasures) of a very different Make to what you find here, who, as they have been born to, and bred up in the Principles of Honour and Vertue, so they would not for all the Plunder got at *Alicant*, stoop to any Thing beneath their Birth and Character.

A Sea-Chaplain,

IS one that in his Junior Days was brought up in the Fear of the Lord; but the University reason'd him out of it at last, and he has oft-times thank'd his good Stars for it.

It's his Happiness, he believes, that he stay'd not to take any deep Root at the College, for then he might unfortunately have grown up to be a Pedant, and por'd himself into Stupidity.

He has improv'd his Sense wonderfully, since he came to be a Fellow-Commoner in the Navy, insomuch, that no Man living can impose a Falsy upon his Understanding, in any Element that comes within the Verge of the Cook-Room; nay, such is the Strength of his Intellects, and so admirable his Penetration, that he shall spy out Wild-Fowl, when they are as it were in the Clouds to all besides, and smell out Rost-meat a good League off, or better; but tho' he be really a Person of singular Taste, and nice of Sense, he never has the Vanity to be thought so.

He's seldom oppress'd with the Drudgery of Prayer; once a Day were an intollerable

Burthen, that would lie heavier upon his Stomach, than rusty Pork or Burgoo.

He's a Preacher, tho' he never once came within a Pulpit; he holds forth according to the true primitive Way; I don't mean in a Tub, but a much surer Footing; for standing upon the firm Deck, he hangs his Nose and Arms over the Back of a Chair, and so falls to splitting his Text most methodically; but the plain Truth is, it's ready split to his Hands; for he's so Orthodox a Parson, as to offer ye no Sermon, but what has past the Test of the Press, and has perhaps the Fist of a Bishop too, to warrant it sound Ware.

A Dozen or two of these, are his whole Stock, and therefore, to prevent a too nauseous Tautology, he every Year (if he can) removes into a fresh Ship, among new Parishioners, and seldom does there fail of his own Tribe, ready to change with him upon the very same Motive.

He's one shall make a Text point as many ways as the Compass, and never want a Pocket full of them, to comfort his Hearers with upon any carnal Occasion.

Though he speak more Truths than an Oracle, yet he seldom says as he thinks; his Nose and his Tongue are Dissenters to each other, and very rarely jump in the Colours of Good and Evil; by the one you may hear, that nothing is so precious as the Word of the Lord, and by the other you may both see and feel, that a good

Bottle

Bottle in his Senſes, is ten times more valuable than the Bible. The plain Truth is, he's much better at compoſing a Bowl of Punch, than a Sermon.

He ſeldom moleſts a poor dying Soul with his Viſits, becauſe he wiſely conſiders, that a Sailor is a Man of no Ceremony; he verily creates far more Peace of Conſcience to the Ship's Company, by his Practice, than his Preaching; for he is the great Exampler they walk by.

There's as great a Difference betwixt him and a reverend Divine, as betwixt a Quack-Doctor and a learned Phyſician; and he will never ſhew it more, than when you offer to tell him ſo; for he'll be readier to confute ye with his Fiſts, than any other Proofs whatever.

He reckons a ſober Chaplain in the Navy, to be a down-right Nonconformiſt, and thinks himſelf oblig'd in Conſcience to keep aloof from him, to avoid being tainted with ſo damnable a Hereſy.

He's an equal Enemy to Popery and *Calviniſm*, and manifeſts it thoroughly in his Zeal for a Surloin in *Lent*, and Minc'd-Pyes at *Chriſtmas*.

There's no Hell to him, like living eternally on ſalt Proviſions; Fire and Brimſtone is but a Fool to it.

Of all Ceremonies, he likes well that of a Cuſhion in Praying; yet, to ſhew his Exceſs of Loyalty, he will drink the Queen's Health on his Knees without one.

He drinks and prays with much the like Fervour; he turns up his Glass and the Whites of his Eyes together, and in the Sincerity of his Heart, drinks it off most canonically.

He abominates all slurring upon Friendly Society, and had much rather chuse to drink twice, than be once suspected of baulking his Neighbour.

To shew his abundant Humility, he will sometimes drink Flip with the Midshipmen; and to prevent the Fall of a weak Brother, he will oft be so charitable as to drink for him.

He fulfils that Axiom to a Tittle, *Simile Simili Gaudent*; for no Man that is merely human, can be more conversant with Spiritual Matters than he is; nay, so elevated a Creature is he, that scarce can he suffer any Soul in his Presence, vilely to commix them with such Things as savours not thereof.

He never gives any open Symptoms of being disaffected to the Government, and yet he's certainly unalterably devoted to the *French*-Interest; for tho' he pretends to love the Queen and the Church mighty well, yet he loves *Bourdeaux* Wine and Brandy much better.

He reckons it a great Condescention, to admit Sir *Cloudsley* into his Company; but for Belch, he drinks it as he takes the Oaths upon mere Necessity.

You

You ſhall hear him oft-times hold forth in his Cups, according as the Spirit of Wine gives him Utterance; but you ſhall ſeldom or never find him reel along in the Paths of Righteouſneſs; for when he once gets in for't, he throws off his Gown and Hypocriſy together, and becomes the Bell-weather of the Flock, to run them *Pall-Mall* into the Pinfolds of the Devil.

But for him, the Ship's Crew would be paſſable good Chriſtians, whereas his exemplary Preſence makes them often call his Words to Account, and too often doubt his Sunday-Labour a Sham, and himſelf a ſacred What-ye-call-'em.

A harden'd Atheiſt, he is not, for a great Storm will make him unfeignedly fearful, and then the poor Rogue looks aga'n like a Pick-pocket taken in the Fact, or an old Bawd at the Day of Judgment, without having the comfortable Proſpect of one Mountain to fall on his Head. Hence it comes, that he ſometimes backſlides to the quaking Sect, in ſpite of his Gown and Godlineſs.

He wears his Prunella-Gown, as chearily as he does his Honeſty; there's ſomewhat in the Wind, to be ſure, when he puts on either; and truly why ſhould a Man rub out good Things, without a ſolid Conſideration for it?

In foreign Countries, he takes Care to hide his Light under a Buſhel; his Coat,

Sword, and Neckcloth, make him pass current for a *High German* Doctor; and one would swear him one indeed, by his Physical Notions of Things; for a thorough Debauch, he will tell ye, is like a Fresh in a River, sweeps away all the Mud and sandy Banks of our Microcosm, and a sound Wench cools the Blood in hot Countries, and keeps the Flesh from warring against the Spirit.

Hence it is, that he envies not at Home the Country-Vicar, with his Tythe-Pigs and Plumb-Puddings, since here he can whore with Security, and get drunk like a Gentleman, without Scandal.

One might well believe him a good Common-wealth's Man, for he loves dearly to propagate his Species, even in the very Lands that know him not. If he chuse to perform this great Work in a blind Corner, and not on the House-top, it's to shew himself one of no Ostentation; and truly he's a Person of so much Self-Denial, that with great Resignation, he patiently lets others have the Glory of Fathering his Labours.

It were great Malice, to say him to be a Man of no Principles, for all know him an everlasting Adherer to that sovereign one of Self-Preservation; and no one ever found him to flinch in that Principal of Life, a good Stomach.

He has so good an Opinion of his own Parts, that he fancies to do you a Favour,

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in giving ye his Company at all Entertainments, and would take it as an Affront to Heaven and Learning, to let him contribute a Mite towards it.

He flies at all Game, whether it be the Fleſh of Fowl, or the Fleſh of Fiſh; whereſoever he fixeth his Pounces, ſhe's his own, Bones and all, if any way practicable; for 'tis too much Loſs of Time to make a Separation.

The only way to overcome him at Argument, is here, for he had much rather let the beſt Syllogiſm in the World grow cold, than his Victuals. To keep his Grinders from mouldering againſt each other, he ſupplies both Sides with Griſts at once; if his Tongue chance to pop in the Way, the Lord have Mercy on it, for his Jaws know no halting.

The Captain, when he has got a ſuperordinary Dinner, ſends for him to give the Benediction; and truly he thinks it a very good Benediction, to be there to give one. He makes no long-winded Graces, becauſe he loves to keep his Breath to cool his Pottage.

He's the Captain's truſty Camerade at a Game, or ſo, on a Sunday Evening; for there's no playing with a Lay Brother on that Night, for Fear it take Wind, and flee to the Board ſooner than the News of a Victory; but they play not ſo deep as they drink, for a hearty Bowl prevents the ſpiri-

tual Food of the Day from lying heavy in the Stomach, there being no better Digeſter of good Doctrine, than good Liquor.

He's a compleat Scholar, that's evident, becauſe for theſe many Years he has given over all Study. Sometimes he pores upon a Pack of Cards, or ſo, and makes learned Animadverſions on the Hiſtory of the four Kings, and the Knave of Clubs.

Tho' he ſpeak much better *Engliſh*, than *Latin*, you'd take him for a down-right *Iriſh*-man by his Countenance, which is the choiceſt Looking-Glaſs in *Chriſtendom* for a Country-Corridon to prim his Phiz by.

He's neither Saint, nor Apoſtle, that he will own, but his Modeſty cannot deny, but that his bare Shadow has cur'd many a poor Creature of the Simples. Some will have it, that none now-a-days, but the Society of *Jeſus*, are endow'd with the Knack of Exorciſm, yet all muſt allow, that our Proteſtant Hero is capable of out-facing the Devil at any time.

To loſe a Pretenſion for Want of Aſſurance, he reckons as ſcandalous a Blot upon his Gown, as the Loſs of a Garriſon, for Want of Courage, would be to a Red-coat. *Old Nick* will never kidnap him, if he is to catch him bluſhing.

He gapes after Vacancies as eagerly as a Campaigning Whore does for dead Mens Coaths in a Battel; and tho', to human Appearance, he loom to be a bulky heavy-

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ars'd Christian, yet he is perpetually attempting to leap over the Heads of his Brethren.

Now, one would conclude him to be a High-flyer; and the Truth is, he never willingly suffers any to fly above him, Passive-Obedience in his own Temporals, griping him worse than sour Wine, or small Beer.

He hates your Low-flyers as bad as *Jews* do Swines-Flesh; yet he's not so stiff for the towering Party, as a *Turk* is for the *Alcoran*. Rather than overset himself, or be oblig'd to throw any of his Groats over-board in bad Weather, he will suffer two or three Riefs of Discipline to be taken in.

He never swears, but in his Cups, and then he does it with such an Air of Authority, as fully bespeaks him to have the plenipotentiary Powers of an Heavenly Ambassador.

Tho' he guide others to Heaven by the plain-sailing Rules of the Gospel, yet he shapes his own Course by the nicer Rules of casuistical Divinity. Hence it is, that he shall preach ye in the Morning about giving *Cæsar* his Due, and the same Night run Commodities a-shore for Sale, without wronging the Rule of the Gospel; for *Cæsar*'s, he crys, wears no Petticoats.

In fine, he's the very Reverse of what he professes, and there's as great a Difference betwixt the Man and the Priest, as betwixt the Dutchess upon the Stage, and her behind the Scenes. He's a down-right Paradox, greater than any he ever learnt at the

University; or, to ſpeak all in a Word, he's the Devil's grand Temptation, for by his openly ſinning under a ſanctify'd Habit, he openly burleſques God Almighty.

The

The Maſter of a Ship *of* War,

IS a Fellow indeed; for he's no leſs than Maſter of two Veſſels: But as he cannot Man both at once, he leaves the weaker behind; for ſhe's generally ſo leaky, that ſhe ſeldom but keeps her Pump going.

His Station is the Meridian Altitude of the lower kind of Midſhip-men: His Mates make him the great Planet of their Obſervation; when their Exaltation is riſen thus high, it's Noon-day with them, and they look no farther.

He's a Sea-man every Bit of him, and can no more live any while on dry Land, than a Lobſter; and but for that, he's oblig'd ſometimes to make a Step aſhore, to new rigg, and to lay in a Cargo of freſh Peck and Tipple, he cares not, tho' he never ſee it.

Hence he becomes ſo over-ſeaſon'd with everlaſting floating on Salt-water, that all the Land-Pumps in *England* cannot waſh off his Brackiſhneſs. At every Turn, you diſcover him by his Phraſes, as apparently

as you can the Spots of the Moon with a Telescope. His Language is all *Heathen Greek* to a Cobler; and he cannot have so much as a Tooth drawn a-shore, without carrying his Interpreter. It's the aftmost Grinder aloft, on the Starboard Quarter, will he cry to the all-wondering Operator.

He's fuller of crabbed Terms, than a *Moorfields* Conjurer; and bauls forth greater Contradictions, than a young Sophist at *Cambridge*. You will hear him a thousand times cry out; *Thus, thus, it's very well thus*, when the Wind's most contrary; and he shall be sure to bid the Steersmen to come no nearer, when he's fartheſt from his Port; nay, if you'll hearken to him, he'll swear you down, that a Ship can never sail well, when her Sails are in the Wind. Hence you are to take him by the Rule of Contraries; and when he calls for a Couple of Hands, be assur'd he means four.

Take him in a Morning fasting, and he's as dry as an old Bisket; yet pour but a Can of Flip down his Bore, and you may with Ease pump every Thing out of him.

Though a Flip-Can be his most intimate Companion, he has a much greater Veneration for a Punch-Bowl, which he hugs and salutes far oftner than he does his Doxy. He esteems it his trusty Friend, that's certain; for he never fails to unload all his Secrets in its Company; and, Lord! what a learned Discourse ye shall sometimes have betwixt them!

For

For he ſhall (to the Wonder of Ignorance) illuſtrate, by the mere Aſſiſtance of this little Camerade, a hundred pretty Phinomena's, as plain as a Pike-ſtaff; he ſhall demonſtrate to ye the Horizon, the Tropick, the Hemiſpheres, the Flux and Reflux of the Sea, and a great many more admirable Knowables, all within the little Circle of a Punch-bowl.

He has a Mathematical Brain, that's the Truth on't; for he will draw ye from thence ſuch a Number of Lines, Tangents, and Secants, that you'd wonder how the Devil his Skull contain'd them all, without endangering his Pericranion.

If he has made a Trip to *Jamaica*, or ſo, he ſhall tell ye he has been among the *Antipodes*, and will give you an undeniable Proof of the reverſe Poſition of their Feet to ours, by a Louſe crawling round his Hat-crown.

But his Talk is moſt upon the Doctrine of the Spheres, becauſe he believes it above your Sphere to comprehend him. Out he brings his *Holland* Cheeſe upon this Subject, and delineates ye upon that periſhable Globe, the Zodiack, the Equinoctial, the Eclyptick, the Colours, Azimuths, and Almicantors, and, in a Word, every great and ſmall Circle, from the very *Zenith* to the *Nadir*, of Mathematical Knowledge.

He fancies himſelf one of the firſt Magnitude in Aſtronomy, becauſe he can run ye over the Conſtellations, as glibly as the Points of

his

his Compaſs; and tho' he cannot number the Stars, and call them all by their Names, yet he ſhall ſpeak as peremptorily about the Milky-way, as if he had turn'd it up there in the Ship *Argo*, as frequently as up our Channel in a Ship of War.

One ſo well acquainted with Heaven, can be no Stranger to any Corners upon Earth, to be ſure; and truly, if you'll believe him, he has ſeen more in his Days, than ever the Sun had Curioſity to pry into: And ſo liberal is he in his Cups, as to tell you all his Travels without asking; but in good Faith, he that can have Patience to hear him out, may go trip with him all the World over; for he uſeth ſo many trifling Digreſſions, ſuch impertinent Circumſtances, and ſuch a confounded Number of Repetitions, that he ſhall be well nigh as long in recounting, as in making a Voyage to the *Canaries*.

One might ſuſpect him to be a very pious Fellow, for no Saint upon Earth looks oftner to Heaven-ward, than he; and yet, God knows, he has no more Sanctity than a Gypſy in him.

He truſts much more to the Sun, for his Guide, than to the Creator of it, and makes uſe of the Stars to direct him Home, as Drunkards do of Link-boys; and is every now and then learning his right way of *Taurus*, and ſuch like horn'd Animals, as Strangers do of Shop-keepers in *London*.

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He's one that's abſolutely govern'd by the Changes of the Moon, and yet no Jew is more unalterable than he in his Opinions; but he often finds, that he can ſhape his Courſe much better in his Chart, than on the Ocean.

The Captain truſts much more to him for a Guide, than to the Parſon; and he's not a little proud of it, inſomuch, that tho' he will grant the Captain to be his Superior, yet he ſwears himſelf to be a Man of much better Reckoning.

His Charge is very extenſive, for nothing Abroad is to be ſpent without his Privacy; he is ordain'd the impartial Surveyor of all the Ship's Proviſions; and if he fare not very well by it, he may thank his own Honeſty: But the Purſer has more Cunning, than to ſuffer any nice Scruples to lie unwaſh'd off from his Conſcience.

He's as kind to him, as a Kidnapper is to a poor Country Cokes, and many times makes him ſo giddy with good Liquor, that he ſhall not diſtinguiſh Beer from Hog-waſh, and poſſibly, after a fair Probation, ſhall allow Sir ----- to be warrantable Victuals.

But his grand Charge is not ſo much the Mens Bellies, as the Ship's Carcaſs, to keep her a-loof from Rocks, Sands, and Lee-ſhoars; if he can but weather all theſe, he troubles not his Head about weathering the Enemy.

His proper Elements, are Wind and Water; the other two, of Fire and Metal, he

he leaves to thoſe that love them: Not but that he can fight, and that very heartily too, after a luſty Swig at the Brandy-Bottle; then Enemy, or no Enemy in View, he will fight him, and ſink him too, but it's with the Wind of his Mouth only.

He'll often tell ye what a Sprag he was in the Days of *Yore*; and what a fatal Thing the laſt *Dutch* War had prov'd, but for himſelf and a few others. And truly, if he had done as he talks, he had rare Cuckold's Luck, for you ſhall not find one Scar about him.

But now the beſt of his Days is over, he'll tell ye; and beſides, it's but an odd Kind of a War, (this with the *French*) and he cannot ſet cordially about it; for what a thouſand Pities is it to be at Enmity with a Country, that produces ſo much good Wine and Brandy?

But as old as he is, he's commonly a Fellow of much Quick-ſilver; and thence it comes, perhaps, that he foretels Winds and Weather, more preciſely than the beſt made Barrometer in *Greſham*-College.

His Phiz is the Beacon to all Freſh-water Sailors in bad Weather; they look much more to his fiery Face, than to a Light-houſe; he's their ſure Card at a dead Lift, and they truſt to his Conduct in all Channel-Courſes, as fully as a Blind-man does to his Dog, in the Streets of *London*.

The Truth is, he knows our Sea-Coaſts, *as well as a Beggar does his Diſh*, and is acquainted with

with the Nature and Depths of all Soundings, but that of his Wife's Water-Course.

Now, all this put together, must needs make him follow his Nose with great Boldness; so that it's no Wonder if he's more confident of his Way, than a *Yorkshire* Carrier, and tells ye the Bearings of *Bow*-Steeple from *Teneriff*, with more Assurance than the other can from *Highgate*.

But in good Faith, he's many a time out in his Accounts, tho' he had rather run upon *Scilly*, than own it; but own it he must, when he finds the Land-fall not to jump with his Reckoning; and then he looks as sullen as a Rake-hell Heir, when he sees his Father out-live the Predictions of a Twelve-penny Conjurer.

The first Lieutenant and he do often interfere in their Politicks, and they are more intent upon each other's Variations, than on that of the Compass; and hence it comes, that his Pride oft makes him wish himself in a Merchant-Ship; for there he's sure to be his own Master.

If ever he makes a Trip by Land, it's a Wonder, and there must be some Storm a gathering, to be sure, when he bears up to the Admiralty Board; all beyond that Place, is *Terra incognita* to him.

He's soon equipp'd for his Journey, for he stows all his Baggage in his Pockets; and as for Boots and Spurs, he can no more wear them, than the Bilbows.

But he must have his double Jug, before

fore he weighs, that's certain, becauſe wetting of his Sails, will make him run the faſter; ſo after a hearty Go-down to his boon Voyage, up he hoiſts himſelf a Trip upon his Jig of a Horſe, and ſticks as cloſe to him with his Thighs, as if he was got croſs a Yard-arm.

Being thus got priddy, with the Reigns reif'd through both Hands, he ſtreight hawls them aft like Main-ſheets; upon which, the Steed makes Stern-way, to his no ſmall Admiration.

But reſolving to try the Jade by and large, he trims a'l ſharp, hawls aft upon one Rein only, and cuns with his Legs and Heels all Weather; but inſtead of running a-head, about Ship goes the Beaſt, and toſſes my Gentleman over-board.

But up he skips upon his Legs, as manfully as a Taylor upon a Shop-board, and finding, that a Horſe will neither anſwer the Helm, nor his Expectations, he e'en orders him back to his Moorings, and ſtreight takes a Birth in the Stage-Coach, which always makes her Way as good as ſhe looks.

The Purſer,

IS a kind of *Pythagorean* Philoſopher; not becauſe of his Pocket-holes, (for his Breeches are commonly well-lin'd) but for his many Tranſmigrations, having liv'd in various Regions, and rubb'd through many Callings, before he came to be a Purſer in the Navy: His laſt Metamorphoſis, is generally from being a poor Knave in the *Fleet*, near the *Old-Baily*, to be a ſubſtantial Gentleman in the Fleet at *Spithead*.

He's the Man can boaſt, that he never purchas'd his Preferment with Money, for it was his want of it, that got him ſhuffl'd into his Poſt, that he might clear off his Debts at the Sailors Coſt.

If he chance to be a ſharp Fellow, that is, in the Languages of People that know no better, (a very cunning Knave) he's ſure to be mightily in the Captain's Books, and ſeldom fails of riſing to be his Privy-Counſellor.

Whenever he and his Commander meet in a Friendly Conjunction, it portends the Ruin of the common Crew, more infallibly

bly than the Conjunction of his Wife with ſome *Wapping* Tar, does that of his Reputation.

He and the Hogs are ſure never to want, for they take the Meat from other Mens Bellies: Many a Sailor, that had a Carcaſs as burly as a Captain's, falling into his Clutches, have been reduc'd to a Horſe-man's Weight, and under.

He's the moſt excellent Alchimiſt in Nature, for he can tranſmute rotten Peaſe, and muſty Oat-meal, into pure Gold and Silver, with very little Expence in the Operation; for when, in a homeward-bound Voyage, the Proviſions are grown as rotten as his Carcaſs, he gets his Friend the Captain, to put the whole Crew to full Allowance, tho' no thinking Creature, but his Hogs, will devour it: Sheep, as ſimple as they are, have Senſe enough to refuſe it.

In him Miracles are not ceas'd, for he oft-times turns Water into Wine, and Wine into Water, with one mere Fiat to his Steward; but all this is no great Wonder, in a Man that has to do with the Devil.

The Queen advanceth him the ready Penny, to purchaſe Wine Abroad for the Service of the Ship's Company, but they get but a ſorry Share of it, and that adulterated into the Bargain. Hence the poor Souls, to ſupport Nature, are oblig'd, by Intication, to ſpend their Pay upon the very Wine that was aſſign'd them at the Price of Ship-Beer.

The

The worſer Liquor he keeps, the more he brews his own Profit; he ſhall draw more Gain from wretched gripe-gut Stuff, in one Forenoon, than a Dozen Ale-wives from all their Taps, on a Day of Thankſgiving.

He's far from that laudable Practice of courting his Cuſtomers with Sunday-Dinners, becauſe they leſs the drink, the more he reckons himſelf oblig'd to them.

He allows ſalt Fleſh Meat to be a damn'd tipling ſcurvy Diet, and would fain have it chang'd into wholeſome Peaſe and Burgoo, for the Benefit of the Sailors; but in good Faith, it's only his own Bags, that would thrive by the Project, he getting more by one *Pannian*-Day, than many others.

It burns him to the very Soul, to ſee one Candle blaze above ordinary, and oft makes him cry out in the Words of the Collect, *Lighten our Darkneſs, good Lord*; which is all the Prayer that he makes uſe of; and truly he needs none, for all the Ship's Company daily pray for him, but they prey as they row, backwards.

One would think him of a very prepoſterous Conſtitution, for he keeps his Tallow beſt in Summer, and melts down to nothing in Winter Seaſons. He hates great Fires worſe than great Froſts, and wonders what the Devil we are made of Aboard, that good Punch cannot warm us enough without his Charcoal.

Tho' his Courage be as little as his Honeſty, yet he ſometimes prays for a warm

Bruſh,

Bruſh or ſo, to help him to Fire-wood; for Fighting coſts him nothing.

He's lodg'd ſo far under Water, that a Bullet muſt be ſent by a particular Providence, if it reach him. Thus, while others battel it aloft, he ſits as ſnug as a Bee in a Box, making his Honey; for all thoſe that drop in the Engagement, are ſure to die his Debtors.

He's at much allarm'd in a Storm, as the Chaplain; and tho' many will tell him, for his Conſolation, that he has a hanging Look, yet he ſtill perſwades himſelf, that the Devil can turn a Man's Deſtiny.

If ever he be good, it muſt be plaguy bad Weather; and as all violent Changes are ſhort, his Honeſty and the Storm blow over together.

He whores with Moderation for Conſcience ſake, for a ſound Clap and a bad Conſcience never agree together; ſmall Beer being the Doctor's Receipt for the one, and a Bowl of Punch for the other.

His Steward and he often compare Notes together, and the Bottom of their Accompts jump as like as the Devil is to the Collier. The Truth is, were it not for this Under-Rogue, and his Superiors, he would be a very rich Fellow; but the poor Slave is ſo ſqueez'd on the one Hand and the other, that he has but juſt Subſtance enough left to ſatisfy the ordinary Luſts of Nature; for *Old Nick* takes Care he buys no Land with his Money.

He's

He's a rare Fellow for giving a bad Captain a good Word; and prays as heartily for the Continuance of eaſy heedleſs Commanders, as *Deal*-men do for Storms and thick Weather; for an honeſt Officer will make him ſo too, and that, alack! will be his Ruin.

Next to himſelf, there is no Man living he has ſo great a Value for, as the Clerk of the Check, whom he generally calls his Father; and well he may, for the Knave's as like him, as a Shop-lifter's like a Thief.

He procraſtinates his Accompts with the Navy-Board, juſt as he does with Heaven: He refers all to his Death-bed, and then he thinks to bilk both the Queen and God Almighty: But if ever he do, he will cheat the Devil moſt confoundedly, and leave an everlaſting Conſolation to all Exciſe-men, Stock-jobbers, and Petty-foggers, who after him, need never fear going to Heaven in a String.

The

The Surgeon,

IS your old Acquaintance, the Barber, that has ſtept from the demoliſhing of Beards, to the Practice of more ſanguine Operations.

The common Crew call him the Phyſicioner of the Ship; that is to ſay, the Scavenger, that cleanſeth away all the Dirt and Naſtineſs that lies in the Channels of Mens Bodies, and that proves offenſive to human Nature.

He's generally reputed a Man of Letters, for Dr. *R--d* and he ſtudy'd both at the ſame Univerſity; but his Practice differs very much from that learned Knight's, for he loves to keep Men in everlaſting Blindneſs.

To define him preciſely, he's no downright *Paracelſian*, *Galliniſt*, nor Operator, but a Hodg-podg of all together. He's no *Digbian* Virtuoſo, that certain, for he knows not how to ſympathize with any Man's Wounds whatever.

If he has a ſmattering in Chymiſtry, he's a topping Spark indeed, and gabbles about the Intrails of Nature, like any Heathen Philoſo-

Philoſopher: But of all his Knowables, *Alkali* and *Acid* he eſteems to be the very *Ne plus Ultra* of Phyſical Diſcoveries.

The Myſtery of his Art and Science, conſiſts in a long Liſt of Fuſtian Words and Phraſes, whoſe true Senſe he is more puzzl'd to lay open, than to anatomize the Body of a fat Capon: And as for his Performances upon Legs and Arms, he does it after a way, it's true; but, betwixt you and me, the Slaughter-houſe on *Tower-hill*, would ſcarce grant him there Journey-man's Wages.

He's too lazy and proud to viſit common Sailors; and they are not ſick enough, he thinks, who are able to come and tell him their Ailments. And hence it's plain, that he may with Juſtice boaſt, that very few die under his hands, which is as much as *Ratcliff* himſelf can pretend to.

The pooreſt Patients are ſure to fare beſt where he is, becauſe he leaves them to Nature, the leſs dangerous Doctor of the two. But an Officer with a Purſe, muſt be ſure to part with it, as a Badger with his Stones, if ever he hopes to bring off his Carcaſs.

He's unalterably convinc'd, that almoſt all our Diſtempers proceed from an over Repletion; and therefore his firſt Intention in all Cures, is, to empty your Pockets; which ſtrikes at the very Root of all Intemperance.

He does not ſo much lay Claim to the Learning, as the Title of a Doctor; for he values himſelf moſtly upon the tender

Touches of his Hand in Operations: And truly, thoſe that try him, generally acknowledge his *Legerdemain* to be ſingular, for he ſhall conjure forth your Gold, without once touching the Purſe-ſtrings.

Sometimes his Captain, being diſabl'd by ſome unlucky Shot 'twixt Wind and Water, repairs to him for a Refitment; but, to his greater Misfortune, he brings his Main-maſt by the Board, in laying him upon the Careen; and then ten to one but *Lucifer* gets him for Fire-wood ſoon after.

The Chaplain and he are oft chopping Logick together upon the Quarter-deck, to the Aſtoniſhment of the gaping By-ſtanders; and tho' they differ like two Empericks in their Opinions, they jump in this, they both thrive moſt by our Vices; the old Bawd befriending the one, as much as *Old Nick* does the other; Experience teaching us every Day, that one Pocky Whore brings the Surgeon more Griſt in, than a thouſand *French* Cannon.

Next to Whores, Punch is his beſt Friend, that being an approv'd Fomenter of Blood and Wounds, which brings him in many more Crown-pieces, than ever he had from his Father.

His Tools are of various Sorts and Sizes; his beſt he always carries in his Breeches; and the moſt of theſe are of Silver, that's certain, for there's no probing a Man well, he thinks, with viler Metal. He's as proud of theſe, as a *Highlander* is of a Piar of Bag-pipes,

pipes, yet he's ſomewhat prouder of that long Tool of his, that hangs without board, which, tho' purpoſely forg'd for the Deſtruction of Fleſh and Blood, it does the leaſt Harm of any other.

He ſeldom rails againſt any of his Fraternity, for he thinks it very imprudent to diſſect the Diſabilities of his Brother; nay, he will frankly own every one but himſelf to be the ſecond beſt Artiſt in the Navy.

His Pots bear Proportion to the Size of his Shop, which is near the Dimenſions of an over-grown Sea-Cheſt; but how ſmall ſoever his Stock be, it's more than enough for his Practice, for he needs not a Salve for every Sore.

He adjuſts his Preſcriptions, as a Country Shoe-maker does his Laſts; he makes one and the ſame Recipe ſerve to an hundred various Tempers and Circumſtances: For there's no ſtanding upon Niceties, he crys, with Fellows that have the Conſtitution of a Horſe.

He's not much guilty of feeling his own Pulſe, or following the Meaſures he preſcribes to others. There's no Bolus to him comparable to a new-laid Egg, nor no Julip like to a Glaſs of true honeſt Claret; ſo that if others made no more uſe of his Stink-Pots, than he does himſelf, he might conſerve all his Medicines 'till Dooms-day.

His Buſineſs at Home is nothing, for no Prophet is admir'd in his own Country:

But he does Wonders in *Portugal* and *Spain*, for with Catholick Faith he can do any Thing.

It's an insufferable bold Intrusion, for any to cast an Eye into his Compositions; and yet he's sure to have an Oar in other Mens Concerns. You'd wonder to hear him sometimes, for 'tis hard to tell whether he or a Storm, possesses the Ignorant most with Fear; so diffident is he of the Quarter-deck's Sufficiency in bad Weather.

He's oft and many a Time teazing the poor Master with impertinent Queries, and will be offering to rectify him in Fogs and bad Weather. He determines where ye are by the Temperature of the Air, and is confident, he can hit the Channel in a homeward-bound Voyage, as easily as the Joint of a Finger.

He's not very backward in propagating his Science, for of a simple pocky Swabber, he shall, by due Gradiations from the Mystery of Loblolly-making, to that of a Clyster, swell him up to a Journey-man Doctor, provided always, that the Swab consign him over his Wages for his Labour.

Such as these are his Hands to perform his Medicinal Wonders with; these bring him the Accounts of the Sick, and their Distempers, and wait his Responces, which he gives them streight in the turning of a Pettle; not with the double-fac'd Ambiguity of the Oracles of old, but hab nab, and as boldly as if he had just come himself from searching their Intrails with a lighted Candle.

He's

He's equally proud of being thought a Medicus, and an Atheiſt, and yet the Fool ſeems to rely on ſomewhat above his own Providence; for he lives from Hand to Mouth, and leaves the Morrow to take Care for it ſelf.

Being very intimate with Peoples Secrets, he makes very free with their Tables too, and thinks no Cordial is comparable to an Alemoſinary Dinner.

In the Region he inhabits, he's pretty well ſconc'd againſt Bullets, and all Perils, but that of ſinking: And truly Storms and bad Reckonings, give him ſometimes ſuch deadly Apprehenſions, that you may even ſmell them ſometimes to Leward of ye.

This infernal Region of his, he calls the Cock-pit; and well it may, for there he has ſlain many a Game-Cock in his Time. It's a bloody Place, that's the Truth on't, and dark enough to hide all his Miſcarriages.

Here the Purſer and he ſet up their Horſes together, becauſe the latter he knows never wants Provinder: Here they carouſe to the Deſtruction of all mortify'd Limbs, and empty Bellies; and are two ſuch faithful Cronies, that they never flinch, but fairly drop down by each other.

He truſts much to the Continuance of the War, but more to his own Impudence; by the Help of which, and a Twelve-month's Pay, you may chance to find him elevated on a Stage on *Tower-hill*, when the Peace is concluded.

In fine, one would conclude him a rank Knave, because none in the Ship desire to have Dealings with him; but however he may be thought in his own Days, Posterity is infinitely beholden to him, being the chiefest Man in his Generation, that makes Elbow-room for another.

The

The Gunner,

IS commonly a Spawn of the Captain's own Projection; he was originally his Foot-boy, and from thence, Step by Step, mounted to be his Steward; in which Station, having acquitted himself with ſingular Sharpneſs, his Creator rewarded him with this lazy Office of a Gunner, which was the Mark he always aim'd at.

He commonly has as little Occaſion to exerciſe his Art, as he deſires, and I dare ſay, he deſires never to have any; not that Gun-powder ſtinks ſo very abominably in his Noſtrils, rather he loves dearly to hear his Guns ſpeak, provided it be not againſt an Enemy.

He loves the Queen's Birth-day moſt loyally, and wiſheth ſhe had twenty every Year; for thoſe are the lucky Times, when he cheats her Majeſty moſt zealouſly.

He commemorates Gun-powder Treaſon, with a Treaſon upon Gun-powder; for he defaults his Guns ſo exorbitantly, that a Tar, after a hearty Meal of Peaſe, ſhall make his Bum rattle a Thankſgiving-Peal much

louder than his Cannons. But what's wanting in his Guns, is made up in his Cups which are ſure to have full Meaſure.

Hence it comes, that the longer Practitioner he is, you find him make the worſer Fires, ſtill coming ſhorter of his due Length; and there is no getting him to mend his Hand, for ſhould he give Guns their due Load, it would break him.

If you'll credit his Oath or Teſtimony, his Captain muſt needs be a plaguy bloody Fellow, for he's ſure to make him expend, in his Accompts, more Powder and Ball in every trifling Cruize, than was blown away at the Battel of *Hockſtedt*.

One would wonder why he, of all Men, ſhould want a Gold Medal, for his Services; for he husbands the Queen's Stores to Admiration, a thouſand times converting into ſolid Gold, what his fiery Superior had or'er'd to be turn'd into nought but Smoak and Thunder.

All Ships are alike to him, excepting Channel-Cruizers, which are ſuperlatively the beſt for his Purpoſe, not becauſe they fight moſt, but clean oftener; and every Time ſhe docks, he is ſure to ſweep fifty Pounds at leaſt into his Pocket, beſides his Pay and Prize-Money.

Many a Boat-Load of ſmuggl'd Ware, has he popt forth at his Gun-room Ports, while the Rogue, the Tide-waiter, voluntarily trick'd into a Game at All fours, is at the other End of the Ship, or is laid along upon

on ſome Cheſt, knock'd down by an unmerciful Bowl of Punch or two.

As heavy as his Guns are, they are certainly more active than he is, and do the Queen fifty times more Service; for his grand Amuzement, is eating and drinking; his Sleeps are moderate enough, juſt to ſuffice Nature, and make him ready for a freſh Attack: Were it not for theſe, he would be a loſt Man, for his Mates do all his other Buſineſs for him.

Hence he has but very little to do, if he do honeſtly; but this is as impoſſible with him, as to hit the Moon with a Cannon-Shot: It's an uncomatable Mark, that's certain, for he can no more abſtain from ſuttling on board, and running Goods a-ſhore, than he can refrain from talking Bawdy in modeſt Company.

No Officer, but his Captain, is accommodated like him; he challengeth the Gun-room, as his hereditary Eſtate, where he ſtruts about like any Crow in a Gutter; and it's not for Want of Pride, but Courage, if he allow any Man living the Right-Hand within his Diſtrict.

His People (as he calls them) obey him like Slaves, and yet every one beſides himſelf, muſt call them Gentlemen Gunners within his Territories; where he's a little King in his own Conceit, and may paſs for a great one in the Opinion of others; for he makes more new Lords and Ladies in one Twelve-

month, within his Confines, than any one Prince in *Chriſtendom*.

He ruleth by the Sword, like any Uſurper; nay, and ſo horrid a Tyrant is he, as to keep it ever unſheath'd, and never lets it ruſt, or lie dormant in a Scabboard.

This is his Sword of State, which never goes forth of his Dominions; but he wears another on Shore, more by the Inſtigations of his Wife, than his own Heart; for he has predetermin'd never to draw it in Anger; it's no Matter therefore what the Blade is, ſo the Hilt be a good one, and truly it's as good as Silver can make it.

When he has this ſwagging by his Quarter, and his bob Wig ty'd up behind like a Horſe-tail, he's then a Gentleman all over in his own Conceit; tho' Heaven knows the vain Fool's no more like one, than a Barber's Pole is like a Whipping-poſt.

The

The Carpenter,

IS a Tool the Captain makes uſe of to cut the Queen's Timber to his own Service.

Tho' he be generally but a rough hewn Fellow, yet he values himſelf upon a well-built Hull; and as for his Intellects, they are much about the ſame Model with the Maſter's, for he has a little more of the Mathematicks, than the Boatſwain.

He's an honeſt Subject, that's certain, for he's far more careful about keeping the Queen's Ship tyte, than his own Fly-boat; and though he be but, as it were, one of the lower Bends of a Man of War, yet 'tis well known ſhe cannot ſwim ſafely without him.

His Buſineſs lies mainly in unforeſeen Jobbs, which is always perform'd by his Underlings; from whence one may reaſonably infer, that he's himſelf no Work-man; the Truth is, he's but a Wooden Artiſt at the beſt, and a Tinker may juſtly take the Wall of him, for he makes all his Veſſels tyte, without either Pitch or Oakam.

His Stomach muſt needs be ſharper than his Ax, for he whets the one every Morning duly, and the other perhaps but once a Quarter; no Wonder then, if the keeneſt rids the moſt Work, for he eats at a Breakfaſt, more than will counterpoize his whole Day's Labour.

How idle ſoever he be himſelf, he keeps ſo ſtrict a Hand over his Crew, that he won't ſuffer them to make one Holy-day; yet, in ſpite of all his Bluſter, they will ſometimes (oh wonderful!) make half a Dozen in one Morning.

One would not ſuſpect him, by his Phiz, for a Politician, and yet it's thought he imploys as many Tools in the Queen's Service, as both our State-Secretaries; and like a true Maſter of that Science, he makes Loggerheads to be of as much Uſe, as Blades of keener Metal.

But what ſhews him really to be ſomething of a State-Fox, is, his ſetting a Value upon all his Doings; for he never lifts his Hand to any Work, but you are ſure to hear on't; being the moſt noiſy Fellow living, in all his Undertakings.

He's the only Fellow on Board, that profeſſes to do every Thing by Rule and Meaſure, and yet he has his Flaws, as well as others: He can ſpy out the Faults in the Structure of a Boat, ſooner than thoſe of himſelf; and ſhall bring ye to Rights, a warp'd Piece of Plank, with far more Facility, than his own crooked Mrmners.

But

But after all, he has generally the leaſt Bundle of Pride of all the other Officers, whereas one would think he ſhould have the moſt of any, as being one of the moſt truſty Timbers of the Common-wealth; for without the Carpenter, the Navy would ſink, and carry down the Kingdom along with it.

You rarely hear him thunder and ſwear like the Boatſwain, perhaps, becauſe he has far leſs Occaſion: He will own himſelf to be a frail Piece of Workmanſhip, but he'll tell ye withal, that he would not be ſo daringly impious as ſome on board are, for all the Wood in *Chatham*.

He knows the Cube-Root perfectly well, but does not pretend to Gauging; and thence, perhaps, it comes, that he's ſo often out of Meaſure in his drinking; but yet moſt People deem him a ſober Fellow, becauſe ſtrong Liquor never overſets him.

He cannot but pity the Surgeon's Simplicity, for calling himſelf the Ship's Doctor, when all the World knows, that none but the Carpenter looks to her Wounds, and cures all her Ailments: And truly he is a moſt admirable Operator; he will knit ye faſt a broken Rib in a Morning faſting, and fix ye a Couple of new Knees, when the old ones are ſhot to the Devil, and the Ship, the very next Hour after, ſhall run ye as faſt as ever; but what's the moſt ſtrange of all Things, he ſhall make her ſwim from one End of the World to the other, with her

her Head as clean cut off, as St. *Patrick*'s, and without one Grain of Miracle in't. What puzzles him moſt, are Shots 'twixt Wind and Water, which oft prove as fatal to the Ship, as a loſt Maiden-head to a Virgin.

He's marry'd, as well as his Brother *Warrants*, that's to be ſure, and his honeſt Neighbours tell him, for his Comfort, that he has got a good one; but he that meaſures every Thing by Inches, is fully convinc'd, that ſhe's a Daughter of *Eve*, and that all Women are Chips of the ſame Block.

He might paſs for a Saint among the Godly, that know no better, becauſe he gives out to be always a mending: But his Wife, that knows him beſt of any, will often tell him, that the longer he lives, he's the worſer Man: And alas! how ſhould it be otherwiſe, for he is not harder than cold Iron, and his hardeſt Tools are the worſe for Wearing.

Yet in good Faith, he's a knotty Piece of Timber, and the more you ſoak him, the tougher he grows, inſomuch, that the ſharpeſt Means then won't work him to any Thing.

The Days of fair Weather, are Halcyon Days to him; but Storms and Tempeſts put him upon double Duty, having both the Queen's Ship and his own Soul to take Care of; but the laſt Task is ſoon whipt over, for after a hearty Ejaculation or two, with

with a ſhort Breakfaſt upon the Crumbs of Comfort, well ſettl'd down with a humming Stroke at the Brandy-Bottle, fortifies him in an Inſtant againſt all Weathers.

In fine, he's one that in his own Perſon has but little more to do, than the Gunner; and provided the Seaſon be not over ſtormy, he may ſing a *Quietus* to his Bones all the Summer.

The only Croſs he dreads moſt, is, a croſs-grain'd Wind, when at Sea, for that runs him out in his Cargo of Belly-Timber; and then the Lord help him, for he ſhall look as dead as a Fiſh deſerted by the Sea, and gape and yawn at ever Turn, like an Oyſter: But Home he gets at laſt, and ſo gives over dreaming at Nights of Flip and Tobacco.

The

The Boatſwain,

IS a Kind of a *Jack with a Box*, for let him but whiſtle once, and you have a hundred or more *Carteſian* Puppits, pop up upon Deck, and run about, and ſtreight diſappear again in an Inſtant.

It is not ſo much his fine Silver-Call, as the illuſtrious Chain that it hangs by, that is the diſtinguiſhing Badge of his Poſt, and which he's as proud of, as my Lord Mayor is of his, and prouder.

But this is allow'd him for Ornament only, as you do Bells about the Neck of a Fore-Horſe: His Badge of Power, is his Bamboo, which, tho' tip'd with ſimple Twine-thread, is venerated like the Battoon of a General; and truly it does Soldier-like Execution, having maul'd more White-coats, than ever fell at the Battel of *Blenheim*.

This ſmall Stick of his, has wonderful Vertues in it, and ſeems little inferior to the Rod of *Moſes*, of miraculous Memory; it has cur'd more of the Scurvy, than the Doctor, and made many a poor Cripple take

take up his Bed and walk: Sometimes it makes the Lame to skip, and run up the Shrowds like a Monkey; but what's moſt wonderful, it makes heavy-ars'd Fellows tumble up from below, contrary to the Tendency of all heavy Bodies, which tumble downward.

He diſtributes his Drubs with the ſame Equity that the Captain does his Favours; for when he calls for Men from below, and call more than once, he's ſure to beat the firſt and readieſt that comes up, whilſt the Hulkers, that lag behind, always ſave their Bacon.

But he's then moſt terrible in the Captain's Preſence; let *Jove* but ſay the Word, and ſtreight he begins to execute his Judgments, darting his Rattan Thunder-bolt *Alle Volles*, at the caſe-harden'd Skulls of the quaking Sailors.

And yet this ſame Tool of his, is but a mere Sugar-candy Stick, in Compariſon to his Cat of Nine-Tails. *Cerberus* is not more dreadful to the Dead, than this Cat is to the Living; but indeed ſhe's never let looſe, but by order of the Commander, who many a time flaſhes a Man out of the ſame Itch of Fancy, that he cats a Woman.

But were his Call, Stick, and Cat too, all thrown over-board, he yet would diſtinguiſh himſelf by his Throat; for no Aſs in *Chriſtendom* brays like himſelf; he varies his Notes to the Occaſion, and ſometimes it is ſo unaccountably terrible, that the poor ſimple Sort

of

of Tars will run from it, like Country Dogs from the Horn of a Sow-gelder.

But a thoroügh-pac'd Sailor, makes a large Allowance betwixt his Tongue and his Stick; Oaths and horrid Threats, are but Wind, they cry, and they value no ſuch Puffs, if they can but weather a Beating.

It's that right Hand of his, that gets him doubly more than what his ſettl'd Pay amounts to; for almoſt a third of the Ship's Crew are more or leſs in Fee with him, making their Purſes compound for their Heads and Shoulders.

The Truth is, he is a terrible Scare-crow to all but thoſe that are in Fee with him, and they ſeem to dread him worſe than Hell; for they will ſometimes give each other to the Devil, but never are they once ſo wicked in their Anger, as to wiſh the Boatſwain may take him into his Clutches.

He's a damn'd thundering Fellow, that's certain, and oft gives the Purſer a fair Pretext for his bad Beer, alledging, that the Boatſwain ſowers it with his Bellowing.

He's as noiſy about Trifles, as the Lieutenant, and it much better becomes him; he ſhall roar forth Death and Deſtruction about the hoiſting of a Water-cask, and makes as much Clamour about the dropping of a Dog's-Turd, as the falling of a Top-maſt.

He may boaſt with *Cæſar*, that he can call every Man by his Name, for he dignifies all his Umbrays with the Title of Dog, Rogue,

Rogue, or Raſcal; and they will anſwer to it more readily, than if he gave them more Chriſtian Epithets.

He has a thouſand pretty Phraſes and Expreſſions, pickt up at *Billingſgate*, and elſewhere, which he never ſends Abroad without bedecking them with all the embroider'd Oaths and Curſes that can be had for Love or Money.

His drinking much Flip, makes him woundy ſubject to the Vapours; vex him then, and he ſhall ſwell and ſputter like a roaſted Apple, and you can no more handle him, than hot Cockles.

He has Wit in his Liquor, that's certain, for tho' he's often tipſey, it's at other Mens Coſt. He loveth Frugality like Peaſe-Pudding, and hoards up his Pence as Farmers do Muck, to better his Copy-hold when the Seaſon offers. Money, he tells ye, will purchaſe better than a Winding-Tackle, and is able to hoiſt the heavieſt Dunce in the Fleet, to the Top-maſt-head of Preferment.

He's a great Admirer of good Chear, and being a very near Neighbour to the Cook-Room, there's nothing of good can come there, but he ſmells it out immediately, and it will go plaguy hard, if he miſs a Snack of it.

He meaſures his Proſperity by the Dimenſions of his Corps, and his Hopes of Preferment ſwell in Proportion to his Belly. A burly Carcaſs he believes a grand Qualification, and the beſt Recommender to a Commiſſion

miſſion. A lean Body in a Captain, he thinks as ugly as a lean Quarter in a Sheep; and he cannot comprehend that fooliſh Saying, *A tall Man in a little Body.*

He takes Impudence to be a true Token of inward Courage, and Saucineſs the proper Right of a free-born *Engliſh* man; and it's much eaſier breaking his Head, than breaking him of either.

He has Pride enough to qualify him for a Captain, and often perſwades himſelf he ſhall be one, becauſe worſe Boatſwains than he have come to be ſo before him.

He fancies himſelf the only beſt Sailor in the Ship, and would have you believe, that ſhe had periſh'd a hundred times, had he been from her; not but that he'll allow his Superiors on board, to be tollerably good Navigators, and ſo forth. But alas! they want the main Point; for ſhew me the Gentleman, crys he, that can knot or ſplice, or make a Pudding as it ſhould be?

The plain Truth is, he's a rare Fellow in his Way, and a very *Busby* in all Sea-Language; but Rigging is his Maſter-piece, he ſhall caſt ye a Knot, whip ſtich, in a Twinkling, as intricate as the Gordion one; and for a running Nooſe, this new *Ketch* is but a Fool to him.

He mortally hates your Gentlemen Volunteers; it's barbarous, he crys, to have the Bread thus pick'd from our Mouths by little *Tom Eſtenors*; and wonders why they'll be ſuch Blockheads to expoſe themſelves

to

to Seas and Bullets, when they may ſuck their Paws at Home in a whole Skin.

He merits a like Commendation with the wiſe Steward in the Goſpel, and yet after all, he will tell ye, he's as honeſt a Man as any in the Navy, Diſparagement to no Man.

Peruſe his Expence-Books, and you'd wonder how the Devil the Ship got ſafe Home; for he makes more Expences of Ropes and Canvas in one Summer's Expedition, than a whole *Eaſt-India* Fleet in two Twelvemonths. But all muſt be right and juſt, that's certain, for the Captain has ſet his Hand to the Truth of it.

He muſt certainly believe there can be no ſuch Thing as Hell-fire under Salt-water, elſe he would never be giving himſelf ſo oft as he does to the Devil; but how frequently ſoever he damns himſelf, he is ſure to damn others much oftner. In ſhort, he's a Fellow that will throw away ten times more Oaths and Strokes in hoiſting out a Barge, than in boarding an Enemy.

But, Zounds, he'll cry, what would you have me do? A Man without Noiſe, is a Thing without a Soul, and fit for nothing but a Piſſing-Poſt. And yet, after all his Sputter and Din, let him but once reach the Mark he aims at, of being Boatſwain to a firſt Rate Ship, and he ſhall ſtreight give out, and become as lazy as an old Pentioner.

A Sea-Cook,

HAS been an able Fellow in the laſt War, and had been ſo in this too, but for a ſcurvy Bullet at *La Hogue*, that ſhot away one of his Limbs, and ſo cut him out for a Sea-Cook. But how diſabl'd ſoever he be himſelf, his Mate is a rare Stick of Wood for a Furnace.

The Captain's Cook and he, are Oppoſites, as well in their Practice, as in their Habitations, and ſeldom or never make Incurſions into each other's Provinces.

His Knowledge extends not to half a dozen Diſhes; but he's ſo pretty a Fellow at what he undertakes, that the bare Sight of his Cookery gives you a Belly-full.

He cooks by the Hour-Glaſs, as the Parſons preach Sermons; and will no more ſurpaſs one Punčto of Time, than a ſcrupulous *Virtuoſo* in the Concoction of his Stomach, or an Alchymiſt in the cooking of his grand Elixir.

All his Science is contain'd within the Cover of a Sea-Kettle. The compoſing of a Minc'd-Pye, is Metaphyſicks to him; and the

the roaſting of a Pig, as puzzling as the ſquaring of a Circle.

Not but that he has an admirable Hand in ſqueezing of Silver from Beef-fat; which he does with as much Dexterity, as a Quack does Gold from a Dog's-Turd; and tho' the Extraction be very groſs, it's yet ſo well refin'd, that it does not, in the leaſt, ſmell of the Kettle.

He has ſent the Fellow a thouſand times to the Devil, that firſt invented Lobſcouſe; but, for that lewd Way of waſting Greaſe, he had grown as fat in Purſe, as a *Portſmouth*-Alderman, and made his Son ſeven Years ago a down-right Gentleman.

He's never ſo hungry, as to lick his own Fingers, nor ſuch a Fool, as to wipe them on his Breeches; but he ſweeps off the luſheous Stuff as cleverly, as a Dairy-Maid does her Butter, and firkins it too up as carefully.

The Purſer (when at a low Ebb for Butter) helps out his Stock by a dexterous Mixture with the Cook's Ware; and as for Candles, he can never be in the Dark, ſo long as the Cook has any Fat about him, with which he makes Lights to lighten the Gentiles, to the Glory of his ſaving Invention.

Tho' ſalt Water's the Element that ſupports him, yet he can no more live without Fire, than a Salamander: Were this once extinguiſh'd, *Old Nick* and he might return

to

to *Terra firma*, and go a grazing for a Subsiſtance.

He's an excellent Meſs-Mate for a Bear, being the only two-legg'd Brute that lives by his own Greaſe: But tho' he be no lean Scab, yet he's very rarely purſy; and no Wonder, for there's near as much Stuff drops from his Carcaſs every Day, as would tallow the Ship's Bottom.

Moſt People imagine him a very louſy Animal, and yet he's as little moleſted with that Vermin, as a Dutcheſs; for that roving Tribe being naturally, as ſoon as they can but creep, inclin'd to travel, are ſure to meet with ſuch fat Entertainment in the adjacent Territories of his tatter'd Apparel, that, like prudent *Caledonians*, they never once return again to their native Country.

Tho' he's born within the Pale of the Church, few would think him a Chriſtian, he's ſo wholly given over to the Works of the Devil; for *Lucifer* himſelf can never be more buſy than he every Day in burning, boiling, and broiling. The real Truth is, any one would gueſs him to have been a ſeven Years Apprentice to the Prince of Darkneſs; for he is never without a Pair of Tormentors in his Hand, and the Devil in his Mouth, and his Phiz ſo everlaſtingly reaking with Sweat and Greaſe, as if he was come juſt piping hot from *Old Nick*'s Kitchin.

If

If ever he prays, it's in a Morning faſting, and that is to ſome Tag-rag, to fetch him a little Ship-Beer; for his Tongue and Palate are ſo parch'd, as if he had been all Night Bed-fellow with *Dives*. Truly, one ſo eternally toaſting before the Fire, muſt needs be very cruſty.

Though he wants cooling Breezes the moſt of any, he had rather have one Bottle of Brandy, than a Ship-Load of *Stamford*-Air at any Time. He ſucks in Smoak, like a *Virginia*-Planter, and is every Morning hanging his Head over the unctious Steams of the Chaldron, as the Wits at *Will*'s do over Coffee; which circulating round his Cranion, limbecks out at his Noſe again, to the great Refreſhment of his Underſtanding.

Tho he never wears Gloves, his Hands are as white as his Forehead; yet his Chin is very often clearer than either, for he is ſhav'd once a Moon, to be ſure; and then his Face looks like the Lady *Luna* indeed, in her firſt Quarter, the lower Hemiſphere of his Phiz looking as bright as a clean-ſcour'd frying pan, or the Poſteriors of a ſcalded Hog, or whiter. But as for the reſt of him, he's all of a Piece: the very Sight of him, is a Breakfaſt to a hungry Soldier, and his Smell as good as *Aſſa Fœtida* to a Girl in Fits of the Mother.

In fine, he's ſo everlaſtingly encompaſs'd with Smoak, and his Face ſo cak'd over with Soot, that----. But hold, ads Death,

the Rogue, with his green Billets, has rais'd ſuch a Funk in the Forecaſtle, that the Devil himſelf cannot ſtay to draw him longer; yet he that has ſeen the one, may eaſily know the other, when he meets him, *Old Nick* and a Sea-Cook being far more a-like, than a Collier ----.

A Midſhip-Man,

IS the firſt Rate Line in a Ship towards the Top-maſt-head of Preferment; for all Admirals, as well as Captains, are oblig'd to begin their Riſe here.

The Quarter-deck is his ordinary Station, which in a Winter's Night he traverſes, Hank for Hank, a thouſand times over in a Watch, without loſing one Inch by Lee-way, provided he be not over-loaden.

It's hard to ſay, upon a moderate Gale, whether he or the Ship go faſteſt. When the Bell once rings, his Cruiſe is over, and he comes to an Anchor in *Sot-Bay*, to re-water.

As he has more Grains of Underſtanding, than a common Sailor, he's allow'd more Pounds of Caſh for it; and yet, at the Year's End, there is not a Pin to chuſe betwixt their Purſes; for he always lives up to the Dignity of his Character.

He will have no Familiarity with any Liquor below Flip, and contemns every Thing that's under Linſy-Wolſy. He will have a Whore of Faſhion, tho' he pay for it; and he's ſure to pay for it indeed, for

Silk-Petticoats are not to be had for the up-taking---.

He enjoys more Variety of Females, than the Grand Seignior; for from *Japan* to *Mexico*, is his Seraglio; but generally, after he has try'd all Things, he takes up at last with the old Rule, and holds fast to that which is good; and truly he rarely fails of being clinch'd to the Best in *Christendom*.

Though he be elevated in Preferment, Quarter-deck Height above a Foremast man, yet, to ballance Accounts, (as all sublunary Things are dispos'd by Weight and Measure) he's one half of his Days depress'd under the others Feet, being birth'd in that infernal Cell, the Orlop, where he that can chuse to live contentedly, need never trouble his Head what Lodgings are chalk'd out for him in the other World.

He distinguishes himself on a clear Day, by carrying a Fore-Staff; which, tho' not the tenth Part so long as a *Tom* T---man's Pole, he's yet ten times prouder of it. With this he fancies he does Wonders, when, God knows, it amounts to no more but only to solve that simple Question, *Where are we?* which every Child in *London* can tell you.

Tho' he commonly passes for a very lewd Spark, yet he's every now and then correcting his Course. He must needs be a Fellow of sure Footing; for so diffident is he of his Ways, that he won't trust his own Eyes,

Eyes, even at Noon-day, but when the Sun ſhines.

But tho' he's more beholden to *Sol*, than a Quaker to his inward Light, he is yet ſo ungrateful, ill-bred a Pimp, as conſtantly to turn his Arſe upon that glorious Benefactor then, when ſhe moſt of all befriends him.

He's elevated as high as *Flamſtead*, in his own Conceit, and is oftentimes ſhewing you a Sample of his Ingenuity. He can prove the Purſer a Rogue by *Gunter*'s Scale, and compoſe a Bowl of Punch by the Rules of Trigonometry. There is no Controverſy, but he determines with Fractions; and is very often teaching common Dunces the Rules of Diviſion, at his own Coſt.

But he values himſelf moſt upon keeping a judicious Account of the Ship's Way. If his Reckoning in a long Voyage, jump with his Land-fall, he's as exalted a poor Rogue, as that old Mathematical Conjurer, with his *Oureke*, *Oureke*; and you may cut his Stones from him at that Moment, without any Perception.

But, beſides theſe Labours of his Pen and Brain, he keeps a Record of all Accidents worth Obſervation; and, to be ſure, all his are weighty Notices, when he entitles Change o' Winds and Weather, remarkable Occurrences.

He's Weather-wiſe enough to foreſee Winds and bad Weather, but is never ſo wiſe, as to lay up for a rainy Day; and

thence it comes, that he ſeldom has his Coat cut to his Cloth, which occaſions him often times to go without a Pocket: But to rectify this Want, which is his Averſion, he turns his Surtout into a louſy Jacket, which turns him afore the Maſt directly; for to walk the Quarter-deck in *Quirpo*, is to walk againſt the Rules of the Navy.

He can no more be without Chalk, than an Ale-Wife; and, like her too, is every Day given to double Dealing; for every Twelve, he ſhall count Twenty four, and impudently ſwear you down, that it's no falſe Reckoning.

He's one that ſometimes paſſes under the Diſcipline of the Cane or Fiſt; that is, whenever he is guilty of that great Sin of Omiſſion, of not giving timely Notice of the Captain's going from, or coming into the Ship. One or two Rubbers for ſuch a horrid Negligence, makes him ever after look as ſharp out to all Boats, as Conſtables do the Vizard-Masks at the Play-Houſe.

His backward Stars, and bad Weather, puts him often upon curſing his ill-made Choice; and yet his beſt Friends are apt to tell him, that if he had not tumbl'd into a Ship, he had long ago dropt from the Gallows.

The beſt of this Order, is commonly the worſt in the Order. Formerly he had not his Fellow; and being tickl'd on by

the

the gentle Spur of Ambition, perform'd many pretty Actions, and little Works of Supererogation, 'till finding, at length, that Kiſſing went all by Favour, he e'en paul'd Capſton, and turn'd a ſociable Sot, like the reſt of his Brethren.

The Captain's Steward,

IS one that will grow as ſour as the very Wine he ſells, to find himſelf plac'd at the Fag-end of a Midſhip-man; for he's ſome Inches above him in his own Conceit.

He values himſelf upon the Reputation of being a ſharp Fellow, and of turning every Thing he fingers, into Gold. He's a great *Virtuoſo*, that's certain, for he has been for many Years a cloſe Student in both the Univerſities of *Newgate* and the *Gate-houſe*; and having at laſt paſs'd his Probation at the *Old-Baily*, was, *Nemine contradicente*, adjudged a qualify'd Perſon for any of her Majeſty's Plantations; but conſidering the preſent Juncture, and the great Need that *Europe* might have of him, he came to have the Navy aſſign'd him for his Portion. This is his Origin, which ſoon ſprings up to an envy'd Grandeur; for the Captain caſually caſting his Eye upon him, and perceiving him, by I know not what private Planetary Marks, to be an Engine form'd as it were by Providence, for his Uſe, immediately

ately puts him upon probationary Eſſays; and finding him anſwer to a T--- all the Lines of his Phiz, he eſtabliſhes him his Steward directly.

Having thus wriggl'd himſelf into his Captain's good Graces, he endeavours to fix them, by following his Leader in all his Paces; which he does ſo exactly, that in leſs than a Twelve-month, he obtains that Garland of Praiſe, *Like Maſter, like Man.*

Various are the Parts his Charge conſiſts of; but the chiefeſt Branch, is running of Goods, and ruining of Sailors: For theſe, and other ſuch like valuable Services, the Queen is made Debtor to him Midſhipman's Pay, with a farther Promiſe of a Purſer or Gunner's Warrant, if not a Commiſſion.

But he's too ſtaunch a Knave to truſt to vain Hopes, and fair Promiſes; ſo he takes Care to make Hay while the Sun ſhines, and ſhuffles and cuts with every one that has to do with him.

He's indeed his Captain's right Hand, wherewith he performs all his Slights; and can no more be without him, than a Bawd-houſe without a Pimp, or a Ship without a Long-Poſt.

He's a ſmart Fellow at common Arithmetick, and I ſhall multiply ye Pounds and Shillings, without ſetting Pen to Paper. He pretends to no ſpherical Problems, yet has Mathematical Magick enough to raiſe himſelf

ſelf above the World, by the ſingle Rotation of a Penny.

He has the beſt and quickeſt Draught for Liquors, of all the other Sutlers; for the Tars like beſt to ſhelter themſelves under the Shadow of his Wings, becauſe they know well, that their Captain's to be found at the Bottom of his Accompts.

Tho' he drinks his Maſter's Health moſt of any, he's the readieſt Man living to make him ſick with good Liquor. It's a fortunate Day indeed, if he gets him dead drunk, for then is the critical Minute to nick him.

His Maſter does often times feel the Rogue bite, and is ready to ſtab him for it; but he ſtands ſtill upon his Guard with that two-edg'd Cutter, *I do but by you, as you do by the Queen; and ſo ſhake Hands, Brother.*

He makes a great Difference betwixt Knaves and Knaves; a Knave of Senſe, is a Man of Repute, but a downright Knave, is a Rogue without any Conſideration. Hence it is, that however he tricks his Captain in other Things, his Plate and Diſhes are every Day forth coming, for he's reſolv'd never to be a Rogue where he's ſure to pay for it.

He would make an excellent Tide-waiter to a Cuſtom-houſe, for he has bubbl'd ſo many of them himſelf, that ---; but he's gone---. The Captain's Bell calls him to uſher in the Apple-dumplins, ſo let us e'en turn about, and view honeſt *Jack* the Sailor.

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A Sailor,

IS a ſharp Blade indeed, if kept whetted with good Diet; but bad Uſage makes him as dull and uſeleſs as an old Razor.

The better Sailor he is, he becomes the more lazy, and fancies himſelf like a Sheet-Anchor, to be reſerv'd for deſperate Occaſions; but his Lazineſs does not ſo much proceed from his Diſpoſition, as his Diſguſt, for he has been an active pretty Fellow, and would be ſo ſtill, were he but fairly dealt with; but, a Pox on't, crys he, the uſeful Cur's made to turn the Spit, while my Lady's Lap-Dog runs away with the Roſt-meat.

He troubles not his Head with old or new Stiles, but meaſures his Span of Life by the Moon, and wonders at the Simplicity of *Partridge*, and the reſt of them, that ſtint our Years only to twelve Months. The Queen (God bleſs her!) is the only Almanack-maker for his Money, who honeſtly ſtretches them out to a Baker's Dozen.

His firſt Labour in a Morning, is, to hawl ope his Eye-lids, for it coſts him many

a Rub with his Paws, before he can make his Top-lights to ſhine clearly: After this, and a few hearty Yawns, he crawls up upon Deck, to the Piſs-dale, where, while he manages his Whip-ſtaff with one Hand, he ſcratches his Poop with the other, and gaping all the while aloft at the Vane, if he finds it blow fair, he ſtrikes his Brows, and curſes its Inconſtancy moſt heartily; for there's no Voyage to him, like that of riding at Anchor Wind-bound. He loves ſhort Voyages, as he does ſhort Prayers, and 'tis hard to ſay which of the two he makes oftener.

He had rather run upon the *Goodwin*, than run to *Jamaica*; and believes there is no Croſs, like the croſſing the Equinoctial; for let the old Sophiſts dream as they pleaſe of Torrid Zones, for his Part, he has always found there very cold Comfort.

And hence it is, perhaps, he creeps ſo near the Sun in thoſe Regions, for he's ſure to ſleep Maſt-height above his wonted Habitation.

He has a Wife, that's certain, tho' he has leaſt Occaſion of any Man living for one, for he has every Thing made and dreſs'd to his Hand; and he that cannot be his own Laundreſs, is no Sailor.

But marry he muſt, becauſe his Fore-fathers did ſo before him; and ſeldom does he miſs of an admirable Breeder; for after the Wedding-Night, he may put up his Tools, and be gone, for he ſhall be ſure to find her cackling, tho' he come not Home 'till three Years after.

When

When ſalt Water ſeparates them, they prove as good as an Annuity to the Poſt-Office; for tho' ſhe can write no more than a Mermaid, yet by the Help of ſome two-penny Scribbler, ſhe will always return him a *Rowland* for his *Oliver*.

Their Epiſtles run all in the ſame Tone, *Know one, know all*; and truly it's worth your while to read one of them, which you may do without breaking up either Seals or Secrets; for it's the ſame old Song of *Stark Love and Kindneſs*, which they have pip'd to each other theſe many Years, and all lock'd up under a Piece of black Pitch or Roſin.

His whole Truſt is on the Wind and Sea, that are as inconſtant and treacherous as a Woman, and he knows it; but what can a Man do, that is link'd to all three by the Chain of Deſtiny? The beſt Way is to look well out, he crys; and truly he truſts juſt to his Wife's Smiles, as he would to a ſmooth Sea; he knows full well, what a Change in both an Hour can produce.

He can no more ſleep in Sheets, than in a Horſe-pond; and put him into a Feather-Bed, he ſhall fancy he's ſinking ſtreight, and fall to ſwimming all Weathers; but ſling him up in a Hammock, and he ſhall lie a whole Night as dormant as *Mahomet* hanging betwixt two Load-ſtones.

If ever he's troubl'd with Dreams, it's when he's reduc'd to very ſhort Allowance, and then truly he oft fancies himſelf

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a mauling off the Roſt-meat in *Smock-Alley*, 'till unluckily he bites his Fingers through Greedineſs, and that wakes the poor Slave, who is ready to weep, to find his Stomach baulk'd ſo confoundedly.

His chief Station, is that Hill of *Pernaſſus*, the Fore-Caſtle; here he and his Brother *Jacks* lie pelting each other with Sea-Wit, and toſs Jeſts and Oaths about as thick and faſt, as Boys do Squibs on a Coronation-Day.

No Man can have a greater Contempt for Death, for every Day he conſtantly ſhits upon his own Grave, and dreads a Storm no more, than he does a broken Head, when drunk. He has met ſo many Eſcapes, that his Mind is grown as cawlous as his Palms, and dreams no more that he ſhall be drown'd, than be damn'd; and yet he may meet with both, when he the leaſt thinks on't.

He looks then moſt formidable, when others would appear moſt drooping; for ſee him in bad Weather, in his Fur-Cap and whapping large Watch-Coat, and you'd ſwear the *Czar* was return'd once more from *Muſcovy*; yet he's never in his true Figure, but within a pitch'd Jacket, and then he's as invulnerable to a Cudgel, as a Hog in Armour.

Nothing makes him droop, like an empty Brandy-Bottle; whilſt there's any Thing in it, he ſticks by't as cloſe as the Load-ſtone does to cold Iron: Plenty of this, and a

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Mediterranean-Sun, makes him as dry and huskiſh in one Summer, as a toaſted Biſket, to the great Diſcomfort of his diſappointed Doxy, who finds him more ſapleſs than a ſqueez'd Limon, and as unpalatable to her, as chopp'd Straw in *Spain* is to an *Engliſh* Mare.

Let him riſe never ſo early, his Stomach is ſure to riſe with him. His common Breakfaſt is a ſalt Mouthful, a dry Dram, and a Pipe of Tobacco. Fortify'd with this infernal Recipe, he's as inſenſible of our *Northern* Blaſts, as a Gun, or a Knight-head---.

He is not ſo nice as his Superiors, whom nothing will go down with, under right *Nantz* or Rum; he ſhall gulp ye down the rankeſt Stinkibus with as good a Guſto, as a *Teague* does Uſquebaugh, and not be a Doit the worſe for it.

His darling Liquor, is Flip, which makes him as fat as a Porpice, and as valiant as *Scanderbergh*. Inſtigated by this courageous Hotch-potch, he ſhall make a clear Stage where e'er he comes, and box the very Main-maſt. This is his ſovereign Charm againſt Fear in an Engagement; the more he drinks, the warmer he fights, tho', God knows, his Shots fly all at Random.

He's one that is the greateſt Priſoner, and the greateſt Rambler in *Chriſtendom*; there is not a Corner of the World, but he viſits, and yet the poor Slave very rarely makes one Step beyond the Sight of his old Habitation;

tion; but when he does get aſhore, he pays it off with a Vengeance; for knowing his Time to be but ſhort, he crowds much in a little Room, and lives as faſt as poſſible.

His firſt Care, is, to truck ſome old cumberſom Coat or other, for a good warm Lining to his Belly; and then, to be ſure, his Courage is up, and he muſt have a Bruſh with ſome Veſſel of Iniquity or other. He's ſure to board the very firſt he ſees, and carries her ſtreight, without Expence of Shot or Powder; but unlucky *Fortune*, that ſhou'd favour the Bold, leaves him in the Lurch; for, inſtead of meeting with a Purchaſe, he finds himſelf grappl'd to a Fire-ſhip, who ſets him in ſuch a Flame in a Twinkling, that all the Water-Grewel in the Univerſe can't ſave him.

He's ſo often us'd to reeling at Sea, that when he is reeling drunk aſhore, he takes it for granted to be a Storm Abroad, and falls to throwing every Thing out at the Windows, to ſave the Veſſel of a Bawdy-houſe.

His Furlow is commonly but a Night or ſo; and 'tis well for him it's no longer, for he needs but a Week to ſpend a Twelvemonth's Pay in Reverſion. If he has a Reverſion clear of Incumbrances, it's a Wonder, and makes him think upon Pay-day much oftner than the Day of Judgment.

But after long waiting, it comes at laſt, and brings him in a whole Hat-full of Money: If he be ſober at that Juncture, he's

damnably

damnably puzzl'd in contriving the Ways and Means how to ſpend it; but if, as he commonly is, elevated with Flip, he ſcorns to ſpend one Thought upon the Matter, but ſtreight, while it's yet warm in his Cap, fairly ſits down to the Cards or Hazard, and generouſly throws it all away before Sun-ſet.

If *Fortune* runs on his Side, he's yet not a Toſter the better for it: It's below him to pocket up Gains, he crys, and gallantly throws it about the Deck like Hail-ſhot. In fine, while his *Mammon* laſts, he's a mad Fellow, and is every now and then playing ſome Dog-trick or other, for which he is ſoundly bit by a Cat of Nine-tails; and yet ye ſhall have him as proud of the Wales on his Back, as a *Holy-Land* Pilgrim is of a *Jeruſalem*-Print; ſo that there's no bringing him to his true Temperament again, but by ſubjoining the Bilboes, with a Week's Dieting upon *Adam*'s Ale and dry Biſket. This effectually recovers him, and makes him as ſober as a Biſhop, which is a convincing Proof, that Water has far greater Virtues in it, than we imagine.

He conſtantly ſhuts up the Week with a Debauch, for he believes it an unpardonable Crime to neglect celebrating his Wife's Memory on *Sunday*-Eve; and of all his Sins of Omiſſion, this is the only one that he never is wilfully guilty of; for if he have Money or Credit, or but a Rag to his Puttocks, he'll part with all, to purchaſe a ſucking Bout that Night, where he drinks to

the

the Memory of his Concubine ſo heartily, that he quite drowns her in Oblivion. It would be a ſhameful Scandal to him to go off Maſter of his Legs upon that Occaſion, ſo down he drops at laſt a-thwart ſome greaſy Cheſt, and there lies as dead as a Door-nail, 'till rais'd to Life again next Morning by the dreadful Dooms-day Sound of the Boatſwain; *Get up, all Hands to Prayers, and be damn'd.* Up he gets ſtreight at this, yet with ſuch a Reluctancy, as if he was going to be damn'd indeed.

Thus, betwixt ſleeping and waking, he crawls along to the Place of Worſhip, where he drops upon his Knees or Poſteriors, as Providence beſt orders it, and falls moſt devoutly aſleep again.

The Sermon being ſhut up, he opens his Eyes, for he awakes by a natural Inſtinct, whenſoever the Boatſwain pipes to Dinner; away he marches with a much better Stomach to his ruſty Pork, than to the beſt ſpiritual Diet in *Chriſtendom.*

If he ſprinkle any Grace over the Platter, it's a plain Symptom, that his Maw's out of Order; which is a Misfortune that rarely befals him: But if he be in his ordinary Trim, he begins the Attack without Ceremony, and neither asks for Grace or Muſtard to his Victuals.

He proportions his Cut of Meat to the Size of his Plate, and both this and that he champs down together. He's as unacquainted with a Fork, as a Stone-horſe; and

while

while he has a Rag to his Arſe, he ſcorns to make Uſe of a Napkin; but if his Allowance be very ſhort, he's ſure to lick his Paws well before he wipes them on his Breeches.

After his Teeth are laid, he commemorates the Beſt in *Chriſtendom*, (meaning his Wife to be ſure) in mortifying, gripe-gut Beer, and in a Can as big and naſty as a Piſs-barrel; and yet he takes as hearty a Down-hawl, as an old Bawd tugging at a large Rummer of Rheniſh and Sugar.

He has fifty cunning Ways of raiſing a Penny to his own Ruin; and all to purchaſe a little ſtinking Spirits, which yet he buys at double the Price of right Brandy, and ſometimes dearer. Thus, before he has compleated a Summer's Voyage, he has ſwallow'd down a Twelve-month's Pay, as glibly as a Jug'er does a Knife, without ever being ſuſpected a Conjurer for it.

He's a rare Dog under an honeſt Commander, and will fight everlaſtingly, if he can but have Juſtice at the End of his Labours; but to receive all the Knocks, and none of the Moneys, is the Devil, and gripes him worſe than the Purſer's Wine-Vinegar.

Tho' he's a very ſtout Fellow, he's nothing of a Soldier, (Thanks to his negligent Officers;) he can no more anſwer to the Right, or to the Left, than a Crab-Louſe; but bid him Star-board, or Port, and he's as

quick

quick as an Eel; but no Man can bring him to face about, ſuch a ſtiff-neck'd Cur is he.

He loves his Honour like Roaſt-Beef, and is ready to ſpend his Blood upon any fair quarrelſome Occaſion. His Hands are ſeldom his own when he's drunk, and yet they become his Boſom-Friends when he's ſober, for he generally carries them ſtopp'd within his Breaſt, or his Pockets; not ſo much to keep his Heart, or his Money cloſe within Board, but out of a pure moral Principle of not expoſing his beſt Friends, they being the only two he has to truſt to.

It's hard to ſay which he can box beſt, his Brother Tar, or his Compaſs; he's *in Utroq; Magnus*, that's certain, and has both of them at his Finger-ends.

But tho' he handle his Hands the beſt of any Man, he truſts moſt to his Head, like all other horn'd Cattle, and does manage it with as much Skill and Force, as any Bull or Ram whatever. He values it moſt for being Bullet-proof; and ſhould it give Way in ſtaving a But-head, he would not deem it worth the Wearing.

If ever he drown, it muſt be with good Liquor; for he ſwims like a Fiſh in ſalt Water, and by much practiſing in hot Countries, gets a Skin not much unlike a Red-Herring.

If you find him with Mouthacho's, he is certainly a Size above ordinary in his own Conceit; aye, and is fanſy'd ſo too by the Women,

Women, who wiſely infer, that a ſtiff Pair of Whiskers muſt needs ſpring from ſome ſecret ſtiff'ning Cauſe or other.

His Thoughts reach not much above the Top-maſt-head, and he pretends not to penetrate beyond his Eye-ſight. He has ſeen in his Days more than enough to have made any thinking Creature wiſe and honeſt; but this poor Compoſition of Beef and Oatmeal views all Things, as Sheep do the Stars, or a Cart-Horſe what paſſes in *Cheapſide*, without any After-thought or Reflexion---.

If his Breeding ha· been *North* of *Yarmouth*, he's diſtinguiſh'd with the Title of *Collier's Nag*; and indeed he's a rare Horſe that will never fail you in bad Weather, being as inſenſible to Rain, Cold, or Thunder, as a Cannon-Bullet. He's generally above the common Size of other Tars, in Bulk, Strength, and Courage, which is mainly owing to his *Northern* Diet, which he thinks on with a heavy Heart every Time he ſees a good Coal-Fire.

He's a great Admirer of *North*-Country Beef, and Peaſe-Pudding, yet allows *Newcaſtle* Ale and Salmon to be the moſt ſuperlative Diet in the Univerſe.

He's as yare at the Hand-lead in ſhoal Waters, as a Weaver at his Schuttle; and though he ſhould feel himſelf within half a Foot of Ruin, he'll ſing ye forth his Soundings with as pleaſant a Note, as a Thief hall a Pſalm at *Tyburn*. In fine, for Yard-arm, Whip-ſtaff, or ſtowing of an Anchor,

he's

he's the beſt of Sailors; but as to higher Matters, he leaves them to deep-read Scholars; for he has no more Notion of Navigation, than an *African* of Snow, or a blind Man of Colours.

His uſual Stay Abroad, is 9 or 12 Months; at his Return, he looks like a Martyr newly riſen from a Salivation-Tub, and has not Courage enough to ſend in Poſt-haſte for his Wife from *Wapping*; yet the firſt Thing he meets with, is, a Letter from her, congratulating his fortunate Arrival, (in a great Meaſure owing to her ardent Endeavours) and aſſuring him, that ſhe has not had one Belly-full of Satisfaction in his Abſence.

The next thing he meets with, is, his Pinch-gut Money, which he turns into Provender immediately, for he hates to be a Debtor to his Belly. This, with a little Credit aſhore, brings him in Gelt again, and then he muſt go to *London*, tho' he loſe his Pay for his Labour.

Here he becomes the *Primum Mobile* of all Hurly-burlies, and the Terror of the *Spittle-Fields* Weavers. No Muſick-houſe but has his Preſence; but, of all Things, *Hockley in the Hole* is the Hole for his Money; next to this, is a publick Cavalcade, where he makes a helliſh Pother, and throws away his Hat among the dirty Crowd, out of pure Extaſy. Thus he lives, 'till he can live no longer thus, and then off he puts to Sea again, to fiſh for more Silver.

In fine, take this ſame plain blunt Sea-Animal, by and large, in his Tar-Jacket, and

and wide-knee'd Trowzers, and you'll find him of more intrinſick Value to the Nation, than the moſt fluttering Beau in it; and yet he's infinitely ſhort of what he has been in the Days of *Yore*, when Partiality and Self-Intereſt were leſs in Faſhion.

Our Ships of War are undiſputably the beſt in the World, and ſo might the Sailors be too; for all depends upon the Merit and Honeſty of the Commander, who models every Thing as he pleaſes; and if he valu'd the Intereſt of his Country, above an ill-got Eſtate, he might in one Twelvemonth make a Man of War the moſt beneficial, auguſt, and delightful Habitation in the Univerſe.

Whereas this admirable moving Fortreſs, erected to maintain the Honour, and ſecure the Grandeur of our glorious Iſland, is, by the ſupine Negligence of ſome, and indirect Practices of others, grown almoſt a Burthen to the State, by becoming a kind of Peſthouſe to the moſt ſtrong, active, and uſeful Part of the People, who much oftner fall by home, than foreign Enemies.

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